Jack Simpson

With best regards

Theodore Roosevelt

Jan 23rd '38

BY THE SAME AUTHORS

BY THEODORE AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT

TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA

EAST OF THE SUN AND WEST OF THE MOON

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

RANK AND FILE

BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

WAR IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

CLEARED FOR STRANGE PORTS

With Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, and Richard Derby

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT, A Sketch, with Letters

Edited by Kermit Roosevelt

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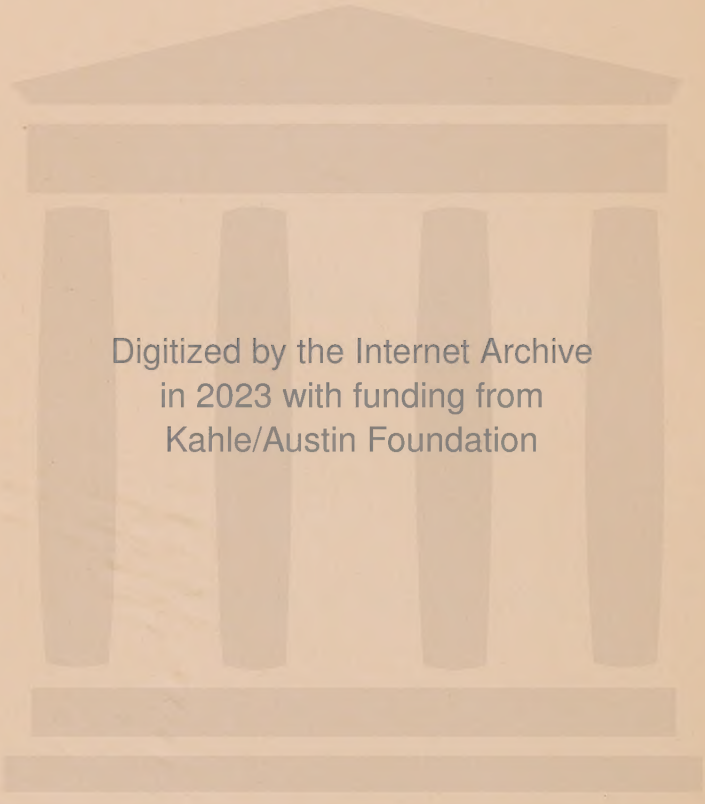
TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA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THE GIANT PANDA

From a painting by Carl Rungius

TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA

BY
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
AND
KERMIT ROOSEVELT

WITH A FRONTISPIECE FROM A PAINTING BY CARL RUNGIUS AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUYDAM CUTTING AND K. R.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK • LONDON
MCMXXIX

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TO
OUR FRIENDS
STANLEY FIELD
AND
WILLIAM V. KELLEY

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TRAILING THE GIANT PANDA

CHAPTER I

ANCHORS AWEIGH

"Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!"
—Kipling.

For some time after we got back from our last expedition to the Pamirs, everything was as peaceful as a May morning. It did not seem as if there could be anything more delightful in life than Oyster Bay and our families. There was much to do for both of us, and days passed like scenes in a cinematograph.

More than a year drifted by without our noticing it. Then strange but familiar voices began whispering to me. Spirits of the high places of earth, from the barren boulders and snows, hinted of days when the driving storm caked the ice on beard and face; spirits from the desert sang of blowing sand and blinding sun. For a time I put them resolutely aside, —refused to listen to them.

Then one evening Kermit and I were alone together. I found he too had been hearing these voices. That was the beginning of our downfall. Soon we began to lunch more frequently with the brown lean men who drift quietly into New York, not those who go tourist-like across Africa in automobiles, camping each night in richly upholstered luxury, but fore-

loopers, who trek to lonely places where food is scant, travel by foot, and danger a constant bedfellow.

Almost without realizing it we started to discuss where we should go next. Naturally we turned to the blank spaces on the map, those fascinating white blotches with perhaps the dotted course of a surmised river marked and "unknown" printed across them. These are much fewer now than they were twenty years ago, but such as they are they beckon just as irresistibly. We thought of crossing Borneo, but just as we were setting on foot inquiries concerning it we heard that some one had been before us. We discussed collecting in Angola.

Finally our eyes turned to that part of Asia northwest of Indo-China, where the rugged ramparts of the Himalayas gradually descend to the tropical coastal plains. Through this mountain wall five great rivers have forced their paths, the Brahmaputra, Irrawaddy, Salween, Mekong and Yangtze. Thousands of miles separate them at their mouths. The Yangtze runs into the Pacific by Shanghai, while the Brahmaputra rolls its placid muddy waters through India to the Bay of Bengal. Where they hurl themselves tumultuously down their mountain passes, the deep mystery gorges that are their beds are sometimes separated by but forty miles.

Gradually our plans took shape. Kermit and I would strike north into this country either through

Tibet or by the old Bhamo-Talifu trail, which runs from Burma to Yunnan. Where we were travelling through uncharted country we would make a rough attempt to map it. After pressing in as far as possible we would collect such of the animals as we could.

The Golden Fleece of our trip was the giant panda. Æluropus melanoleucus is its scientific name. It lives in the dense bamboo jungles in Szechuan, and authorities seemed to agree that so far it had never been killed by a white man. Père David, the French missionary scientist, discovered it sixty years ago when he got skins from the natives of Muping. The animal is the size of a bear and strikingly colored. Around its eyes are black spectacles. Its ears are black and there is a heavy band of black over its shoulders and front legs. The rest of its body is white. No one knew exactly how it should be classified, whether it was a bear, a panda or an entirely new species. From time to time such men as General Pereira, Ernest Wilson, Zappey, and McNeill had hunted it, but without success. We had slight hope of getting it. So slight in fact that we did not let even our close friends know what our real objective was. Our information was so scant as to its range and habits that our quest seemed even more doubtful than Jason's.

Besides the panda there are numerous other animals of great interest, among them that strange crea-

ture the takin, half goat, half antelope. It lives in the high mountains and is surprisingly active in spite of its clumsy build. Its hair is long and in certain species yellow. The Chinese call it Yea gnu, or wild cow. The scientific name of the species we hoped to find is Budocras taxicolor, as odd as the animal itself. Mason Mitchell, now living at Hollywood, was the first white man to shoot a specimen of the western race.

Equal in interest with the takin is the golden monkey. It lives in the forest in bitterly cold country where the snow lies deep for five months each year. The color, especially of the old males, is brilliant. The hair shades from yellow to rich russet and snow-white. As far as I know there is no group in any museum.

Finally there are little-known deer, McNeill's stag, and the most northerly representative of the sambhur. There are also burrhel, serow and ghoral, of which not a dozen specimens have ever been collected.

Whatever we could get in the way of small mammals or shoot in the way of birds would also be of unquestioned scientific interest. In Szechuan there are numbers of brilliantly colored pheasant. One in particular, the Lady Amherst, looks as if modelled in silver.

When we had finished we would swing around and strike south to the hills of Indo-China, where the first

part of our expedition would end. There we would be in one of the finest game countries in the world. In the jungles are elephant, water-buffalo, sledang, banting, tiger, leopard and a variety of deer. It is rumored that somewhere in the back country may be found the Shomburgk deer that has never even been seen alive or dead by a white man.

We decided also that it would be well to have in Indo-China a group of trained naturalists to make a thorough collection of the birds and small mammals of that region.

Once the plans had taken shape the question arose of financing the expedition. Neither Kermit nor I have sufficient money to carry the expense necessary for such a trip. We decided to go to Chicago and tell our old friend Stanley Field, President of the Field Museum of Natural History, for whom we went in search of Ovis poli.

The moment we mentioned it to Mr. Field he was enthusiastic. He gave us a dinner that night at his house. There we met William V. Kelly, a generous patron of the Museum. We broached the subject to him and without a moment's hesitation he told us he would stand behind us and finance the venture.

Next morning the Kelly-Roosevelt-Field Museum Expedition was fact. There were many hurdles, however, still to be taken. To begin with, there were our families to consult. It would be a gross overstate-

ment to say that our wives were enthusiastic about the idea. They were not, but both were game. Remembering the words in the marriage service "For better and for worse," they eventually gave us their permission.

As soon as our financing was arranged we asked Suydam Cutting to come with us. He had been on our last trip to Central Asia. Since then he had been on two expeditions of his own, one to Abyssinia, one to the Naga Hills in Assam. No one could wish for a stouter companion in hardship or danger. He is a man of undaunted courage. No matter how forlorn the hope he would always stand firm.

Neither of us could get away before the middle of November,—Kermit because of his shipping business, I on account of the presidential campaign, during which I wished to do all in my power for Mr. Hoover. Nevertheless, though it was still six months away there was much we had to do. The first thing, of course, was to get permits to visit the various countries. This was not easy, for the lands we wished to travel lay so far away that "the King's justice" hardly ran that far. Now if there is one thing that embarrasses governments, it is to have an atrocity committed on a foreign national in some back-province where their control is shadowy. If it is a citizen of their own country that is scuppered, everything is easy of adjustment. It can be maintained, with a fair

T. R., C. S. C., AND K. R. UPON THEIR ARRIVAL AT YUNNAN

CHINESE BEGGAR

RAGGED NASHIS

show of truth, that the victim was only enjoying the full privileges of citizenship. With a foreigner all is very different. His government asks questions. The press plays up the incident in flaring headlines, unless some home murder or divorce of exceptional prurience has taken place. The end may have to be an expensive punitive expedition.

At first, therefore, the governments with whom we dealt naturally refused our requests. In time, mainly through the kind offices of our friend Doctor Chao Chu Wu, the Chinese Government consented. The British Foreign Office then courteously agreed to forward our request to the Dalai Lama for permission to cross Tibet. As everything in the East moves very slowly, we heard nothing of this for a long time.

Meanwhile we had been actively organizing. We asked Herbert Stevens, a British scientist who had spent much time collecting in Assam and Indo-China, to be one of our party in China. We asked Harold Coolidge of Boston, a trained naturalist, to lead the group of scientists in Indo-China. To complete his party we got Russell Hendee from Brooklyn, Josslyn Van Tyne of the University of Michigan and Doctor Ralph Wheeler of Boston.

All of these men had adventured in far lands. Coolidge though only twenty-six had collected in the north and in Africa also. In the latter place he had been charged by a band of gorillas who came cough-

ing and crashing through the undergrowth to his very feet. In the country where he was these animals had never been disturbed by white men, and had no fear of the naked, ill-defended natives. They would come down to the cornfields and if the farmer attempted to drive them away, would turn on him and tear him in pieces with their powerful hands.

At the same time we had been purchasing supplies. There is little that is more delightful than purchasing equipment for an expedition. Every article suggests possible and delightful contingencies. We visited stores where the air was redolent with the smell of gun oil, and the blue barrels of rifles showed behind the glass of the cases like the spotless driving-shafts in the engine of a warship. We talked with countless men on the details of our supplies. We went to the American Geographical Society, and under the tutelage of Doctor Isaiah Bowman studied means and methods of mapping unknown country.

We finally decided on a battery of Springfield rifles, sporting model. They are sufficiently powerful for almost all game. Kermit had killed an African elephant with one. They are nearly fool-proof, even with natives. Their bolt action stands equally well the dust of the desert and the soaking rains of the tropics. Above all, they weigh only a little over seven pounds, which is a real consideration when it is necessary to carry your rifle yourself. It is surpris-

ing how even an extra pound counts when you are hunting hard country. I never believed the proverb of the straw and the camel's back until I found how much difference a little weight in a rifle makes.

We also bought two 410-gauge shot-guns, as their ammunition is very light and it is possible to carry far more than for a larger gun. The small size of the bore makes no difference, for on an expedition we never take a wing shot if we can avoid it. Where every ounce of equipment counts there is no chance for sportsmanship in bird shooting. On trek we shoot our birds on the ground, preferably when they are standing still and huddled together. An old western friend of mine once shouted to me when I was advancing on half a dozen partridges: "None of yer dam' fancy shots! Shoot for the pot, man!"

For emergency use we each bought a .38 Colt automatic and an armpit holster. This way of carrying a pistol is particularly good. The weapon is concealed so that it does not offend a sensitive host. More important still, it can be drawn with lightning rapidity should necessity arise. Many a man lies buried now because he could not draw his pistol in the split second of time that stood between him and death.

We selected three lightweight tents, 6 feet by 9 feet in size, with the floor cloth sewed in to keep out the bitter wind of winter. For bedding we took our veteran rolls of the last trip.

Anthony Fiala, an Arctic explorer of note who was with my father in Brazil, packed our food supplies in light but tough fibre cases. Each case when packed weighed fifty pounds.

As clothes we took with us shorts, khaki shirts, heavy trousers, leather coats, and sweaters as we expected to meet every kind of weather from the steaming heat of the tropics to the dry biting cold of the high mountains. For formal occasions, such as dining with or calling on native officials, we packed jodhpurs, the long tight-fitting riding trousers that originated in India.

One branch of our equipment to which we gave particular attention was an array of presents for the natives. Among our purchases were a dozen Homburg soft hats of a bilious green color, which are greatly prized in Tibet. We got mechanical electric torches that generate their own power, wrist-watches, trick steel measuring-tapes, knives, folding chairs and a dozen other oddments.

As gifts for the most exalted, Suydam bought half a dozen turquoise rings. Among the mountain fastnesses of the Himalayas the turquoise is the most treasured jewel. In some places it is customary for the women to wear a headdress with a long queue-like strip of cloth hanging down behind, on which they sew the turquoises that represent their dowry.

Ceremony and swank count greatly in the hinter-

land. If we had been able to stage the initiation ceremonies of certain American secret societies for some of the native chieftains we have met, I am sure they would have given us their daughters and half of their kingdoms. Knowing this Kermit and I cast about for some means of turning it to account. At last we hit on a plan. We recalled war days when the troops were formed, the band struck up and some officer or man marched forward. We remembered the stiffly approaching French general, resplendent in robin's-egg blue and whiskers. We remembered the crimson ribbon that was thrown around the neck of the hero, and the embarrassing kiss on each cheek. Accordingly, I went to a New York theatrical costumer's, and bought a dozen medals hung on ribbons as brilliant and various as a desert sunset.

A matter that was giving us serious concern was that of an interpreter. All of us speak Hindustani after a fashion, but that tongue loses much of its value beyond the borders of India or Burma. We none of us speak Chinese, which is the official language in most of the territory to which we were going. That is only half the story, for there are about twenty different dialects used by the natives on whom we would have to depend for guides and information. At first we tried to engage a man known, at least by sight, to literally hundreds of thousands of people, Kru, the hero of the film "Chang." He is a Christian

Shan, and was with Merion Cooper in Upper Siam for nearly two years. He speaks most of the dialects and is entirely fearless. We failed to get him, as the man to whom we cabled in Siam advised us that Kru was with a mission in Yunnan that was threatened by bandits, and was needed to help protect it.

This was bad news, for there is nothing more helpless than a traveller in a strange country where he does not speak the language, and has no reliable interpreter. He is cheated right and left, he is told he cannot go where he wishes because there is no transport, whereas the real reason is that the interpreter does not want to go there.

Just at this moment fate stepped in to aid us. A young Chinaman came with a letter from the Chinese Minister and asked to go with us. His name was Jack Young. He told us that though American-born he had worked as an engineer for the Chinese Government near the territory to which we wished to go, and spoke not only Chinese but many of the dialects. He was a slight, nice-looking boy about twenty years old. We closed with him at once and sent him to Chicago, where the Museum gave him an intensive course in skinning birds and small mammals. Then we put him on board one of my brother's boats with instructions to meet us at Calcutta.

By this time our plans were sufficiently definite for the Museum to announce them publicly. The day

after this was done the reporters came to see us at the American Museum in New York, where we were brushing up our taxidermy by skinning some birds and mice.

A scientist often lives in a little world of his own, which may seem very odd to the uninitiate. We were standing in a corridor talking to the newspaper men, when an old man with long white hair rushed up to me, saying, "Colonel, how I envy you going where those beautiful monkeys are!" At once a reporter, scenting a possible story, asked, "What kind of monkeys?"

With a snort my scientific friend replied, "The Golden Snub-nosed Monkeys, of course! I have a case waiting for them downstairs," and rushed off. With one accord the newspaper men turned to me. "Do they worship those monkeys there?" "Not there but here!" I answered.

As soon as the press notices appeared letters began to stream into our offices. Every one seemed to want to go with us, regardless of sex or age. A troop of Boy Scouts volunteered as a body. Any number applied as individuals. A small cousin of ours wrote to Kermit:

Dear Cousin Kermit

I have always wanted to go on an expedition for game or something and in the wilds, but I have never

had a chance. I would like to go with you on one of your expeditions, and I saw in the papers that you are going on another one, so I thought I would see if I could go into the wilds for once in my life. I speak about them as the wilds because I don't know what else to call them. I am 11 years old and my chief occupation is going to school gee its awful. I makes lots of huts and tunnels with other boys.

Love from
Daniel S. Roosevelt
Coolidge Lane,
Dedham Mass.

One girl wrote: "I am eighteen, I have always wanted to see the world and this is my opportunity." Another letter began, "Well, Colonel, when do we start?" Many seemed to feel that if they volunteered their services without pay there was no question but that they would be accepted. My secretary was kept busy typing answers to the effect that all the personnel had already been selected and only trained scientists were going.

Besides these there were a host who wished us to bring them presents when we returned. These ranged from those who asked for "Some small live animal as a memento," to an enthusiastic angler who wanted bird feathers to make dry flies with which to fish for trout in Pennsylvania. One correspondent, a wo-

man, modestly requested "A rare piece of Chinese porcelain."

Those who asked for presents were almost equalled by those who gave us presents. One man presented us with a coil of "unbreakable rope." Then there were a multitude of medicines, many of them as weird as any that are found in Hippocrates. Some smacked of the witch doctor as much as of the licensed medical practitioner. I received a horse-chestnut, with the statement that if I carried it in my pocket while crossing the Himalayas I would not have rheumatism. The climax was reached when an acquaintance sent me a rabbit's foot, saying it had carried his father "safely through two shipwrecks."

The last weeks were so crowded with work that they flashed by like an express train. I was speaking two and three times a day for Mr. Hoover, and often travelling all night as well. Kermit was finishing some business arrangements. Suydam was the only one who could devote his undivided attention to the trip. Before we knew it November 10th arrived, and we were on the *Homeric* bound for England with a rough passage ahead. Our wives had decided to go with us to Europe. Fortunately they are good sailors, for nearly every night the trunks and bags played tag about our staterooms. At meals the food and drink would leap from the table into our laps. During the height of the storm we received a grim re-

minder that great as modern science is it has not been able to make travel always safe. We got an S.O.S. from the ill-fated *Vestris*. Unfortunately we were too far away to be of any assistance.

In London we stayed two days. I visited the South Kensington Museum, where they very kindly furnished me with such information as they had on the giant panda. Mr. Arthur Hinks, Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, was most kind also, and took much trouble in looking up data for us in their records. One night Arthur Vernay, the big game hunter, gave us a dinner. The company was a delightful mixture of scientists and sportsmen. Two of them had been with Sir Francis Younghusband on the first British Expedition to Lhasa in 1905. One was a retired British Admiral who was a great authority on birds and fleas.

In Paris we stayed two days more. There we saw M. Jean Delacour and had our final talk on the Indo-Chinese end of our expedition. We bought some colored plates of the animals we were seeking. Getting game is often largely a matter of finding the locality where it is. There have been animals that were considered so rare as to be almost non-existent, where the only skin in the hands of any museum had been taken in trade from natives. Then some one stumbled on their habitat and found they were plentiful but only in a restricted district. This happens for

two reasons. The first is that in barbarous countries accurate information goes a very short distance. Tribesmen a hundred miles from the locality where an animal lives may not have the vaguest idea where it can be found. The second is that when there is no competent interpreter the natives may not know what the white hunter is asking. I have seen a white man laboriously explain a type of game to a group of patiently waiting brown men, only to have a native arise, disappear, and return in triumph with a branch of a tree as his interpretation of the object sought. It was to cut this Gordian knot of misunderstanding that we bought the pictures. We could show them to the local inhabitants, and avoid the risk of making a week's march only to find we were being guided to the wrong animal.

We left our wives in Paris for they had to return to the children. On the 23rd we were in Marseilles. It is a fascinating city. Around it clings the romance of a long and adventurous existence. From it set forth Pytheas, that old Greek explorer who, in the fifth century B. C. sailed into the Baltic first among civilized men. Like many another before and since, his narrative was discredited when he came back, not because of the inaccuracies but because of the truth it contained. He spoke of Ultima Thule—the last land in the world. He spoke of a place to the north where there was neither land nor water nor sky, but

a combination of all three which resembled a thick soup. All this his contemporaries accepted with grave nods. He told of the tides in the Baltic, which in many places flow in over the flat sands as fast as a man can walk, and rise ten feet or more, facts that any child knows to-day. That is where he made his mistake. Tides in the Mediterranean practically don't exist. His listeners at once dubbed him a liar and discredited his entire story. He had piloted his vessel safely through the shoals of falsehood only to founder in the harbor of truth.

Marseilles is like its history, various and colorful. As you walk its streets you often see the fragment of some mediæval tower framed in the side of a modern house as a fossil is bedded in a clay bank. The people who throng the streets are of every type. Here, a middle-aged French couple will be plodding along; there, a coal-black Senegalese with a red kepi will pass with the peculiar loose-jointed swagger of his race. Behind will come a rollicking group of sailors with swart skins and shining earrings, followed in turn by a Spahi riding a horse whose action shows the pride of the desert-bred. On the water-front the fish-wives are gathered. They are a thickset, powerful lot. On their stalls lies the spoil of the Mediterranean, cuttle-fish, oysters, and shrimps; stream-line steel-blue mackerel, and great ugly bright red creatures with mouths like toads. Arms akimbo, they ped-

dle their wares with the stridency of barkers at a side-show.

From there we sailed on the *Narkunda* of the P. & O. Line. After another rough passage we made Port Said where East and West meet. A few more days saw us passing through the Gate of Tears, as the Arabs call the straits which guard the southern end of the Red Sea. From the deck of his vessel the traveller can see Africa and Arabia on either hand, baking in the sun. In the old days it was a veritable Gate of Tears, for the ill-built, clumsy Arab dhows were helpless in a storm. Time out of mind they piled up on the coast. Even to-day it has its sinister history. It was on Perim not long ago that a P. & O. liner crashed.

After passing from the Red Sea I always feel that I am really East, where a European is a spectator, never an integral part of the deep-seated life.

At Aden, where we stopped for a few hours, we went ashore and renewed old acquaintances. From there we bore northeast across the blue Indian Ocean, flying-fish flashing from wave to wave like bits of silver. Four lazy uneventful days passed and early one morning standing on deck we saw the low coast-line of India.

CHAPTER II

OVER THE RANGES TO YUNNAN

We had written to Kashmir in the hopes of securing some of the Kashmiris who had served us so faithfully in Central Asia in 1925. Avery, of Cockburn's, cabled that he had engaged two new shikarries, Mokhta Lone and Gaffar Sheikh, whom he would send to Bombay to meet us. Suydam wrote our old head cook, Jemal Sheikh, whom he had with him the previous winter in Assam. Lusu, another old standby, was also with him in Assam, but had been left there with Captain Kingdon Ward, who was engaged on a botanical and geographical exploration of the Mishmi Hills. I had written Ward asking him to send us Lusu if he could spare him, but had received no reply.

We felt that it would make a great difference in the smooth starting of the expedition if we had a nucleus of retainers who understood our ways, and when we were drawing close to Bombay we spent time speculating as to which of our old friends would greet us. Both of the shikarries being new, Ted and I drew lots for first choice. He won and chose Gaffar Sheikh.

As we drew alongside Ballard Pier we were delighted to see old Jemal Sheikh and a somewhat emaciated Lusu waving to us. The former was quick to take possession of Suydam, who was more than a little embarrassed by his affectionate attentions, while the latter hurried over to ask about my wife, whose servant he had been in India and Nepal after our return from Central Asia.

We entrained for Calcutta after a day in Bombay spent in seeing old friends and admiring the progress the Bombay Natural History Society has made in its admirable programme, thanks to Sir Reginald Spence.

Mervyn Morgan met us at the station and installed us in his delightful house in Ballygunge, where we stayed until we took ship for Rangoon. Our objective being the border lands between the Chinese province of Szechuan and Eastern Tibet, we had hoped to obtain permission to enter either through Sadiya and the Mishmi country or up by way of Sikkim and Tibet. No reply to our petitions having been received from the Tibetan authorities, we adopted the alternative route, which we had always had in mind, passing through Burma and crossing into Yunnan, whence we could strike north to Szechuan.

We were well on our way toward the heart of the province of Yunnan when word reached us from

Burma that permission had been accorded to us to go through the Mishmi country into Tibet and so across to Batang. Unfortunately it was too late to turn back and avail ourselves of the sought-for opportunity.

We found many old friends in Calcutta, among them Major Kenneth Mason, recently Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society for his notable work in the Karakoram Himalayas. All the officers of the Indian Survey were more than kind and helped us in every way possible.

Jack Young had landed in Karachi from the freighter *Egremont,* carrying a large shipment of American mules for the Indian army. He reached Calcutta a couple of days before us, bringing with him the afterthoughts of equipment which we had gathered when the bulk had already gone forward on a freighter bound direct to Calcutta.

The day before we left, Kingdon Ward arrived from Assam, showing very clearly the effects of short rations and long marches in the Mishmi Hills. I knew him first in Mesopotamia during the war, and he had taken part in our original plans for the expedition on which we were starting. After some hurried consultations it was agreed that he should go to England and return during the winter to join us in the work along the Indo-China frontier.

Bidding good-by to our most hospitable friend

Morgan, we embarked for Rangoon on the 14th of December. Lusu had sent for a younger brother, Aziza, to join us. Through a misunderstanding he had gone to Bombay, whence he was due to arrive in Calcutta less than an hour before our boat sailed. Nevertheless, Lusu proudly produced him a few minutes before the gangplank was hoisted, and we set sail with our five Kashmiri retainers. It was the first time that three of them had been on anything larger than a houseboat on Wolar Lake and they were proportionately impressed. They were duly enlightened by Jemal Sheikh from his store of nautical knowledge gained during his voyage from Constantinople, whence Suydam had returned him at the close of our Central Asian Expedition in 1925, and by Lusu from his shorter experience during a trip with me from Karachi to Bombay.

Sir Charles and Lady Innes, friends of former days, invited us to stay with them at Government House, where we spent a few most pleasant days before leaving for Upper Burma. Sir Charles had been of help in every way imaginable, among other things arranging for the purchase of thirty mules for us in Bhamo.

In Mandalay we spent a night with O Ah Wain, one of the leading Chinese merchants in Burma, and the representative of the Burma Corporation, the huge mining company employing twenty-five thou-

sand men, with which Mr. Hoover was at one time connected. Ah Wain had followed the campaign with great interest, for he had been well acquainted with the President.

We wandered about the bazaars under the tutelage of a most energetic and self-sufficient Burman, Maung Wike, owner of a Chevrolet, and thoroughly endorsed Mr. Kipling's soldier's appreciation of the Burmese woman with her "whacking white cheroot," six or eight inches long with a wrapper of what looked like bamboo fibre.

The train journey to Kathá was complicated by the action of wind and water in flooding a long section of track, but after numerous halts and changes we at length boarded a little stern-wheeler and chunked up-river to Bhamo. As companion we had Major Williams, returning from hospital in Mandalay and still largely crippled with neuritis. He commanded a mixed battalion of Punjabis, Sikhs, and Jats. All through the cold weather they are back in the hills of Upper Burma on frontier service, and the life is far from uneventful. Last year eleven of his men were killed by tigers, five by one animal. One station brought back memories of sickness, for there he had lost seventeen men from cholera four or five months back. There are primitive problems still to be coped with in Burma.

The village of Bhamo sits at the Burmese end of

the old trade route across to Yunnan and China. Its European population consists of seven. Vivian Clerk, the Deputy Commissioner, had purchased thirty mules for us, and we hired some extra ones to take us across the border.

Christmas Eve we dined with the Clerks, and after dinner three lots of men and boys came around from the missions and sang carols. The setting of palm and bamboo and the dark faces were remote indeed from all that we had hitherto associated with Christmas carols. The singing was earnest and wholehearted, but it was at times difficult to determine either from word or tune whether it was to "Good King Wenceslaus" or "Once in Royal David's City" that we were listening. Oyster Bay and our families and friends in Christ Church singing "Christmas Day on the River" seemed very far off.

We spent a pleasant and interesting afternoon with Captain G. H. M. Medd, representative of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company and for thirty-seven years resident in Burma. His great uncle was Admiral Cochrane, founder of the navy of Chile. Captain Medd had many tales to tell of river adventure. Not long ago one of his stern-wheelers stopped to take on fuel after dark and turned the search-light, which is used to feel out the course, full upon three tigers which had come down to drink. The native boatswain in his excitement pulled the steam siren,

and the beasts stampeded through the near-by village. The town elders laid before Captain Medd a solemn complaint of the boatswain's action, asking that it never be allowed to occur again!

The first seventeen miles on the road between Bhamo and Tengyueh is possible for motor transport, so on the day after Christmas we got our mules under way early, and ourselves followed with the balance of our kit in motors. We got to our stage at noontime, and, armed with collecting guns, separated to start in on the natural-history work of the expedition.

Next morning there was the usual confusion incident to the first few days of pack-train life. We had hired some mules to supplement those we had purchased, and had also arranged a riding-mule for each of us. It now developed that there would not be sufficient additional pack-mules to take up the slack, so we had to turn in half our riding-mules to lift the surplus loads. The system of packing the mules was new to me. It consisted of two skeleton saddles; one was placed upon the mule and was secured fore and aft by breastplate and crupper; there was no girth whatever. The second fitted neatly upon the first; to it was lashed the load, and lacking the support of a girth, it had obviously to be packed so as to nicely balance. To load the mules two men would lift up the second saddle and call to a mule, who would duck

his head and run between them so that they could drop the load upon the base saddle.

Our muleteers, and all those we met on the trail, were Yunanese. We had, as head man, a little fellow whose name, Chin Tso Lin, was easy to remember as closely approximating that of the defunct Manchurian warlord. Chin was a good man, but did not seem able to impress his authority sufficiently upon his followers.

For our first march of fifteen miles Ted, Stevens, and I walked, leaving the others to share the mules. The trail wound in and about the mountains bordering the Taping River. The jungle enclosed the path on either hand, a tangled mass of vines and creepers with great trees rising straight as a die without a branch for from eighty to a hundred feet from the ground. This trail, the principal trade route between Yunnan and Burma, was opened to Europeans only in the seventies, and such men as Cooper, Gill, and Baber have left us delightful accounts of their journeyings. Cooper, after the eventful expeditions described in his "Travels of a Pioneer in Commerce" and the "Mishmi Hills," during both of which trips he had more than one hairbreadth escape, fell a victim in Bhamo to the rifle of an Indian sepoy. Captain Gill, whose "River of Golden Sand" so vividly relates his adventures in Szechuan and Yunnan, met a tragic end through Arab treachery. Among more re-

cent accounts of travel and exploration in this remote corner of China none combines more happily a delightful narrative with information and deductions of value than Johnston's "Peking to Mandalay."

Our first halt was at Khalongkha, and as I was walking through the village I caught sight of the head of a newly killed sambhur. Through the assistance of a shopkeeper who spoke Hindustani I finally found the hunter. He said that in the early morning and late evening both sambhur and barking deer came out to feed in the small clearings far up on the mountainside where the Kachins planted their crops. Ted and Suydam and I set off in different directions on the chance of coming upon either of these deer. The Kachin with whom I went started straight up through the trackless jungle and led me a merry chase before we finally came to the upper clearings. All our climbing proved in vain, and neither of the others met with any better success. Next day Suydam passed two Kachins with a muntjac or barking deer slung between them. There is undoubtedly good shooting to be had in the neighborhood; but to properly work it out time would be needed, and as our objective lay in the vicinity of far distant Tatsienlu, time to us was a most valuable commodity.

The Chinese will go to vast expense and surmount great difficulties in order to bury their dead beside their ancestors. A very elaborate coffin had accom-

panied Stevens and Jack on their river boat, and for the first four or five days it kept pace with our caravan. A Chinese coffin is always expensive. It is built from hard wood, a huge cumbersome affair, somewhat resembling a deep dugout canoe with a high prow. This was one of the heaviest. Suspended on poles, four men in front, and two behind, it swung along the bridle path; the coolies chanting antiphonally to the corpse, advising it to lie quiet, and telling it that it was homeward bound. A brilliant barnyard cock was tied to the coffin's lid to keep the spirit of the dead from rising. A few personal objects were also attached to the coffin. It was amazing that the coolies should have been able to carry their burden along our stages. We eventually left them behind when the trail became very difficult and rough across the China border.

These marches through the gorge of the Taping were a delight. Suydam complained that the great height of the wall of jungle enclosed and oppressed us too straitly, but we had passed through it before I had time to sense that oppression, which we had all of us felt when similarly hemmed in by the forest during the exploration of the River of Doubt.

Once Stevens and I made a long chukker up the mountainside after a band of gray langurs, twice we came up to them, but we failed to get a shot. At length they definitely eluded us and we turned back.

We had not gone far before we heard a Kachin feud underway up the valley. We counted twenty shots, a goodly number to expend where rifles are hard to come by and cartridges almost as scarce. The British have made great strides in introducing the Pax Britannica into the hills of Upper Burma, but the Kachins are a warlike race, and not yet prepared to arbitrate all their intertribal difficulties.

As we came round a sharp bend in the trail we ran upon a Kachin with a rifle on his shoulder. Upon seeing us he jumped to one side and flung his rifle to aim. For a moment it looked as if we might be in for trouble, but the Kachin, although apprehensive, was apparently on the alert for some personal enemy and a second later his face was wreathed in somewhat sheepish smiles.

We were making fairly long stages, and it was only by collecting birds along the route and setting out traps after dark that we were able to secure any of the small mammals and birds of the country through which we passed. The skinning was carried on chiefly by lamplight. The difficulty lay in the fact that in order to reach the big-game grounds of Szechuan during the most advantageous hunting season we were obliged to make all haste possible, whereas for Stevens to obtain the collection of small game he sought for the Field Museum it was essential that he take easy marches, halting for a day or two from

time to time where the country appeared propitious for his purposes. We knew all this before starting and had planned to split caravans at Tengyueh, leaving Stevens to follow along more slowly. He could join us at Tatsienlu, where we would return after hunting the hills to the north. This would enable him to spend a month or six weeks longer on his way to Tatsienlu and yet be there in time to meet us on our return from the hunting-grounds.

We were very fortunate in having Stevens with us. In his capable hands we could feel safe in leaving the working out of the small-game collecting, knowing that the Field Museum would receive as representative a faunal survey of this part of Yunnan and Szechuan as it would be possible to procure under the circumstances. Stevens had been a tea planter in Assam and Darjeeling for many years, during which he had made an intensive study of bird and mammal life. He has written a standard monograph on the birds of Sikkim. Not long ago he spent a year in Indo-China, but almost all his valuable collections were lost in a river shipwreck which came very close to costing him his life. Since then he has been attached to Lord Rothschild's Museum at Tring.

The fourth day out brought us to the Chinese border. There was nothing to tell us that we were there except two Chinamen in the verandah of a grass hut, one lying down cooking himself an opium pill for his

pipe, while the other tended a pot of greens boiling over a small fire. Neither so much as lifted his eyes as we passed. A better indication of the fact that we were in China lay in the condition of the trail. It was speedily evident that we had passed from the jurisdiction of the British Raj. A landslip or a fallen tree was left undisturbed so long as it was possible to get over or around without the labor of removing it. We soon passed out from the heavily forested country into a long broad valley, checkered with paddy fields. The hills were all but denuded of trees.

Chinese inns were substituted for the clean dak bungalows of the Burmese frontier. Although these inns were only occasionally clean, the innkeepers were invariably courteous and ready to do whatever lay in their power for our comfort and convenience.

The villages through which we passed now were typically Chinese, consisting of a single long street paved with large irregular cobblestones. There were usually two or three caravanserais, large courtyards with sleeping quarters for the muleteers hived in beneath the walls, and sometimes a tier of rooms above in which we laid out our bedding rolls. At night time the street was lined with the booths of meat and vegetable vendors, lit by the flickering wicks of oil lamps and tallow dips. Here the gossip of the day passed from group to group, and the chattering lasted far into the night. There was no need for an alarm

clock in the serai. Cockcrow was a movable feast; there were multitudes of cocks and each had his own idea of time. Sometimes they would be perched right above us, and a hurried sally would be necessary to dispose of them. Cats also joined in, and dogs barked at intervals all night through, with an occasional bicker among the mules to vary the monotony.

The greater number of the inhabitants were Shans, with an admixture of Chinese. It was difficult to say how many straight-bred Chinese there were. The Shans varied greatly in height, some were really tall, the high blue turbaned head-dress of the married women accentuating their height. We also saw a number of veritable dwarfs. The Chinese women were easily distinguished by their bound feet. It was difficult to understand how they were capable of the long day's work in the fields and the heavy labor of water carrying with such very inadequate underpinning, for their legs seemed to have shrivelled in sympathy, and were no larger than match sticks. The new National Government, among many other excellent reforms, has forbidden the binding of children's feet, and in time their edict will surely take effect, although we saw many cases in which it was obviously being disregarded.

Many of the Shan women would have been fine looking were it not for the disfiguring effects of

betel-nut chewing. This concoction, composed of the nut of the arica palm mixed with lime, and wrapped in a leaf, stains the mouth a brilliant red and blackens and wears away the teeth. The Chinese are not addicted to the use, and their white teeth stand out in sharp and pleasing contrast to the melanistic fangs of their Shan sisters.

A market is held every fifth day in the principal towns; and we wandered about among the cheerful bargainers during a noonday halt. The Kachins had come down from their mountain fastnesses with loads of firewood strapped to their backs. The market was divided into quarters like a big bazaar. Here the sweetmeat sellers were segregated, there was the butchers' row; next the vegetable vendors and the dealers in the gimcrack knives and petty ornaments that had found their way across from Burma.

The old saying that the pig pays the rent seemed heartily indorsed by both Chinese and Shan. Pigs of all sizes swarmed in the villages and rooted about in the paddy fields. Great flocks of ducks and ponderous water buffaloes shared their dominion in the fields, but all appeared a happy enough family on the live and let live basis.

We owed our introduction to the ruling family of this valley to a misadventure of Stevens. He had dropped behind on the march, and in coming after us had mistaken the road. When he failed to appear at

the noonday halt we organized ourselves into search parties. He had strayed far from the trail and had fallen in with a retainer of Philip Tao, the English-speaking brother of the Saw Bwa, the hereditary chieftain of the valley. In the late afternoon I came across Stevens and Tao about to embark on a small bamboo raft on which they were to be poled up-stream to our day's destination.

Tao asked Jack and myself to join them, and with some misgivings I did so, sending the mules on by road with Gaffar Sheikh. They were scarcely out of sight before I realized that my apprehensions were to be justified. The side stream up which we were to be poled shallowed rapidly and before we had gone three hundred yards we came to a definite halt and took to the shore. Traversing the ridges between the paddy fields offered no very formidable difficulties as long as the light lasted, but after nightfall you had need to be a lynx-eyed acrobat to avoid falls, and it was a weary and muddy group that stumbled into Kanai at half past eight.

Tao invited us to breakfast with him in his house across the river next morning, so we sent the caravan on ahead to our next halting place, and accompanied our host over the broad rocky river-bed to old Kanai, on a hill overlooking which we were welcomed to the group of small buildings forming Tao's homestead. He took great pride in the garden, in which

he had made miniature lakes and planted fruit trees of all kinds. We had an excellent Shan breakfast served in a summer house situated on an island on one of the lakes. The pièce de résistance was drawn from an earthenware pot on the centre of the table. A charcoal fire burned beneath the pot, which already contained a basis of meat and vegetables when brought in. To it we added fresh greens and condiments from small plates placed before us. The result, a close kin to the olla podrida of Argentina, was excellent. Unexpected treasures were occasionally revealed by the searching chopsticks, such as the duck's head with which I presented Suydam, and the large rooster's talons which Ted uncovered.

Tao was of a modern progressive type that seemed out of place in this "Happy Valley" of Rasselas. He spoke workable English, acquired during several visits to Rangoon. He must have inherited many characteristics from his father, who had spent a number of years in Japan, served as Governor of Yunnan, and died in office in Peking. There were three other brothers, one, twenty years old, was born in Japan and left there by his father with some Japanese friends. He has never left Tokyo, where he is a student in the Imperial University. Our friend hoped that he would come home shortly. There is another younger brother who speaks no English and was classified as "very old-fashioned." The oldest brother,

the hereditary chief, also speaks no English, and is addicted to opium. Philip Tao told us he had spoken to him three times, urging him to give up his bad habits, but had met with no encouragement, so he had given up his attempted reform as a bad job.

Tao himself is no Ulysses; he briefly summed up for us his philosophy of travel, "Why spend much money to get very tired?"

He was obviously the actual ruler. Here we were shown where he had to make a great bund to correct the damages of a flood; there he had built a guest house in a village. He wished our opinion as to the possibility of adapting the valley paths to automobile traffic, for he had it in mind to bring a car across the mountains in parts on mule back. His hobby was firearms, both rifle and shot-gun. The day he met us he shot two geese and some ducks. There were swarms of cranes along the river and in the paddy fields, and once a great wedge of geese passed overhead; I counted twenty-six in the shorter side of the "V." Tao did not confine himself to bird shooting, for in the hills he shot sambhur and barking deer, and once he had bagged a leopard by waiting up over a pig which it had killed. We regretted that we were unable to stop over a few days with him and try our luck in his hills.

Times were not always peaceful in this "Happy Valley." Twice in these last five years Chinese sol-

diers from Tengyueh had appeared. The first time was apparently in connection with a general rebellion in Yunnan. The second must have been in the nature of a punitive expedition. The Shans retired to the hills and rolled down rocks upon the soldiers, killing some, both in that manner and by sniping, but the valley villages were looted and badly knocked about.

We learned in Tengyueh that as a sequence Tao's mother was captured by the Chinese and dragged about the streets in a cage. She apparently suffered no ill effects from this treatment. We were sorry not to have the opportunity of meeting her. The only member of the family we did see was Tao's only son, a chubby baby a year old. The father explained he had not yet named him and asked us to choose a name. He wished one that began with W, so after some thought we made the somewhat prosaic choice of "Walter" as easy both to remember and to pronounce. Philip had been given his own Christian name by the Governor of Burma, when he was studying in Rangoon. The only book we saw in his possession was the "Making of a Monarch," a stalwart volume giving an account of Queen Victoria's youthful training.

We were sorry to bid our host good-by. He impressed us as a kindly, intelligent man, very energetic, and I am afraid also very lonely, for there can be few to sympathize with him in his tastes and pas-

times. On parting he presented us with a small gray pony, which accompanied us throughout the major part of the expedition and was left with the Fathers of the Mission Etrangère in Ningyuanfu.

We were now only two days' journey from Tengyueh. It is possible with a small caravan and good ponies to make the trip in seven days, but what with the process of shaking down, and various small delays, it was not until early in the morning of the ninth day that we rode into town. The last two days had been good going for the pack animals, and where hitherto we had only seen mules, we now came upon bullock trains. You could foretell them from a distance, for usually each bullock carried a large bell, sometimes hanging above the saddle in a miniature belfry, at other times slung around the neck. Unlike our mules, the pack bullocks were girthed.

The night previous to reaching Tengyueh we spent in a temple attractively set high up on a hill. China, with a broad tolerance, does not object to its temples being put to other uses.

We had met Mr. Lawrence Peel, the Commissioner of Customs at Tengyueh, starting off on a short inspection trip. Most hospitably he had asked us to stay in his bungalow, and given us a note to his assistant, Mr. Wilkinson, who helped us in every way. Through his aid it was possible for us to complete our preparations with only one day's delay.

We spent several hours with Chwin Yin Kyi, the leading banker, a fine-looking old fellow with a white beard. Through his banking house we opened credits in Talifu and arranged for the transfer of funds to Tatsienlu.

There was a certain amount of purchasing to be attended to in the bazaar. The cook had to lay in supplies, and the muleteers to repair such of their gear as had suffered on the journey. Jack and I spent some time with Chin Tso Lin, wandering about the apothecary shops in search of a medicament that he told us would revive expiring mules. It is made from the horns of the muntjac and is very expensive. Twice we were offered small bottles of what purported to be the medicine that we sought, but each time after smelling and tasting it Chin Tso Lin shook his head and proclaimed it to be unauthentic, so we were forced to remain unprovided for certain of the contingencies which our muleteers foresaw.

On the 5th of January we bade good-by to Stevens, who was to follow us to Tatsienlu more slowly, stopping to collect at likely places, and headed our pack train toward Talifu.

CHAPTER III

THE BACK DOOR OF CHINA

For he said, I have been a stranger in a strange land.—Exodus 2:22.

At six o'clock on the morning of January 5th we tumbled out of bed. It was still dark and a biting cold made our shorts seem wofully inadequate. Suydam said he felt as if he had on nothing at all. By the time we had breakfast day was breaking. Though mist still lay like a veil over the valley the peaks of the mountains that form the Sweli divide were bright with the rising sun.

Soon the bedding was rolled and we stood shivering in the compound, waiting for the muleteers whom we had told to be ready at seven. At eight not one of them had put in an appearance. Then came those we had just hired, but not a sign of Chin Tzo Lin and his men, who were handling our mules and going with us for the whole trip. Fifteen minutes passed and our guard of honor arrived. It consisted of four chubby little soldiers looking for all the world like brown cherubs dressed in tattered linen. Unfortunately experiences in the past had taught us that this innocent expression often cloaks a very shady character.

We told one of them to go at once to the serai where our muleteers were and tell them to bring the mules immediately. He disappeared and another hour passed. The sun was high in the sky, and Kermit and I decided we would go ourselves. At the serai all was confusion. The head muleteer was full of excuses of the flimsiest sort. We lined the men up and gave them a severe lecture. We told them we would turn them over to the magistrate for punishment,—the soldier standing at our elbow as an outward and visible sign of authority. Even after this matters did not go fast. There was a scandalous amount of shouting, but progress was slow. The East in a hurry is much like the West in a day dream.

Finally we got them started and went back to the bungalow. There more trouble was waiting. While we had been away the door of the stable had been left open, and the gray pony given us by Philip Tao had run away. As usual no one was to blame. The fact remained that the pony was gone. With Jack Young and the two shikaris I ran through narrow, muddy, village lanes and splashed across paddy fields in a vain endeavor to find the animal. At last we had to give it up.

We got back about eleven and found the caravan just starting.

After the loss of the gray pony we all rode mules. They are not our large American mules, but little

shaggy creatures about the size of a Welsh pony. They have surprising strength and stamina, and will carry a man or a hundred and twenty pound load all day over the roughest kind of roads. We had our McClellan saddles and bridles which had been made particularly small for this reason. Even so they were too large. It was impossible to girth our mounts tightly enough. As a result, when we tried to ride up hill the saddle slid back to the mule's hips. Going down hill was even worse, for then the saddle slid forward until it seemed as if it were held on only by the mule's ears. It is hard work dismounting on a very steep rocky hill, especially when the saddle is out of place. The way we generally did was to reverse the process and throw one leg over the head. Such is the nature of mules that they never would stop when this occurred. As a result we generally slid off in an undignified heap. All our mules led badly. It would have tried the patience of Job to try to lead them up a rocky mountain road. The day we left Tengyueh, Suydam twice pulled the bridle over his animal's head.

For the first couple of hours we wound across the Tengyueh plain, passing clustered huts and paddy fields. An occasional clump of bamboo creaked in the wind. The graceful tops looked like ostrich plumes as they nodded.

Soon our path led up a steep hill. It was the usual

Chinese "road," made of rough ill-fitted rocks, much like the bed of a mountain stream. The Chinese proverb runs that a road is good for one year and bad for ten thousand. Personally I doubt the truth of its condition for the one year.

At evening we passed over the divide and saw stretching before us the valley of the Sweli. Except where a few evergreens clung, the deforested hills were painted bright red by the setting sun. Just beyond the crest we came on a rough stone tower, on which we were told beacons were lighted when there was war in the land.

In the quick twilight we wound down a rugged trail by the little town of Hsiangpo, or Elephant's Neck, to Hsmushu, where we spent the night. Our quarters were in the inn. A Chinese country inn does not in any way resemble what we mean by the word. It generally consists of a square surrounded by mud walls, with rough sheds for animals. On one side there is a ramshackle wooden building of perhaps two rooms, each with four or five board frames on which are lying dirty straw mats. There are no windows, but the walls are so poorly made that not only every wind but every noise and smell comes through them as if they were not there. The floors are usually mud. The only attempt at decoration are Chinese proverbs or sayings on tattered paper tacked here and there.

It was in such a room that we put up for the night.

TYPICAL ROADSIDE INN

THE MARKET AT LIKIANG

THE HIGHLANDS OF YUNNAN

We were tired and did not have the straw mats removed. We thought that the cold weather must have killed the vermin, so we had our bedding rolls placed on them. We were wrong, as we found out later in the night. When we first came into the room we heard a faint squeaking under one bed. "It must be mice," said Kermit. He was mistaken. On flashing a light in that corner we saw a hen, seven chickens and a large red rooster. With the aid of an incredibly old woman with bound feet, who nevertheless was quick as a cat, we got rid of our poultry. It was only temporary. Our room was evidently their ordinary roost. They continually found their way back through holes in the wall, whereupon the old woman would dart in and remove them again.

Supper over, we crawled into our bedding and settled down for the night. All we heard was the soothing gurgle of our Kashmiri servants' hookahs in the courtyard. Suddenly the most appalling squealing started in one corner. It was a cat. Suydam got up and chivied it away. Again we settled to sleep, but not for long. Two pie dogs started a battle which, from the standpoint of noise at least, resembled a slaughter house where a hundred pigs were being killed at once. The victor settled himself at our door, and for the rest of the night barked at anything and everything he saw or heard. When we chased him away he came back. At four-thirty the muleteers were up

feeding and watering the mules, with much shrill side-comment.

We crossed the Sweli and started up the Salween divide. At first the country was thoroughly cultivated. Sometimes the small fields were divided by hedges of candelabra-like cactus, which cannot be indigenous, for I did not notice any on the surrounding hills. Soon we came to dense forest. At a small town we found a caravan and some coolies waiting. They told us there were bandits on the pass ahead and asked to join us for protection. We were sure they were wrong but slipped on our Colt automatic pistols, for it is better to be safe than sorry. We filed up through the pass without incident and down into the Salween valley. The Chinese call it the "Valley of Death," and it is supposed to be haunted by evil spirits. At this time of the year nothing could be less death-like, though in the rainy season it must be rotten with fever. Only Shans live in the bottom, which they have cultivated and largely deforested.

Next morning we saw some animals, in size much like otters, wandering in a marshy field. I shot at one with a .22 rifle but missed, so I doubt if we ever know what they were. An excellent bridge spans the Salween River, which is a beautiful, turbulent stream of the deepest sapphire blue.

In the afternoon we crossed a small mountain stream on a bridge that bore the significant name of

"Washed Away by Waters." Just beyond as we were winding up the hillside there was great excitement. A man came running back to say that bandits had attacked the caravan ahead of us. Inquiry developed that they must have been of a very milk-and-water variety, a sort of "Pirates of Penzance," because all they had stolen was one mule. Our soldiers became much excited, evidently inspired by their duty of enforcing order, and started to scramble up the hillside in the direction the mule had been taken. In a short time they returned, having recovered the mule, a dilapidated gray animal which looked hardly worth the trouble. Then another phase of the plot developed. The soldiers did not return it to the owner, saying that now it was theirs. Apparently it was simply a question as to which bandit got it.

The following day we were up before daylight, as we had decided to make a double march in order to reach Yungchang in time to spend a day there and make some necessary changes in our caravan. During the night bullock trains had been constantly passing our serai. These animals, besides mules and ponies, are used for packing. Many of them have a large soft-toned bell hung from a little cupola on their back. The head driver uses a gong to hold them together. The sound of the bells punctuated by the deeper tone of the gong blended pleasantly.

As day dawned we were riding along a ridge that

rimmed a broad plain. A white mist frosted the landscape. Plain, ridge and hill seemed engraved in silver. A bird was calling with a note like our peewee, only more sustained and louder. We wound up a barren valley. The slopes on either side were covered with a coarse grass. Soon the sun rose, slanting through the hills ahead. By nine it was full day. Overhead arched the changeless blue of the dry season, with hardly a cloud. Indeed, the very name Yunnan means "South of the Clouds." My enjoyment of the scenery was marred by one of our Chinese soldier escort, who sang continually in a pea-hen voice which would make a slate pencil melodious by comparison.

We had a stiff hard climb up an abominable trail. Occasionally coolies passed us. Often they carried two bell-shaped wicker cages filled with chickens, slung at either end of a long pole. These serve a double purpose, for with the bottom out they are used in the villages as portable coops. We halted at noon in the gut of the pass. A cold breeze searched it with the all-pervasiveness of the mountain winds and we could find no sheltered nook. We were drenched with sweat and soon were shivering.

Our head muleteer turned up to tell about some trouble with one of the animals. He was a swart, finely built Yunanese named Ma, rather appropriately, as ma means horse in Chinese. The muleteers

as a whole are a hardy, happy lot, generally smiling. Each man has charge of four or five mules. They rarely use their whips but shout at their animals or throw rocks at them. Their command of language is notable. Even our army mule-skinners would envy their ability. I have often watched a muleteer hurling rocks and talking a steady stream of Yunanese Billingsgate, while struggling up an almost perpendicular hill.

Yungchang, where we spent the night and rested one day, is quite a big town with a magistrate. Marco Polo tells of a great battle that took place here between Chinese and Burmese. It is surrounded by high battlemented stone walls that have withstood many a siege. Now they are crumbling and the roots of bush and tree are prizing the gray stones apart. There are beautiful stone gates carved in intricate and fantastic designs with weird animals standing on their cornices. These too are mellowed by time and weather. On the top of one a big cactus was growing like a cockade.

We wandered through the bazaar picking up trifles and watching the natives. Of course it was filthy as all bazaars are, but it was fascinating as most bazaars are. There were butchers' booths where duck, dried and flattened like pancakes, hung from beams with entrails and other noisome pieces of flesh swarming with flies; confectioners with clotted, bilious-looking candy; apothecary shops where each medicine was a

charm and the horns of deer as a sovereign remedy were displayed; junk shops with odds and ends ranging from old opium pipes to old military buttons, and the thousand and one other merchants that go to make up trade in the Orient. Around them wandered dropsical hogs, snarling dogs of every size and color, chickens, of which an astonishing number were roosters because the Chinese are too economical to kill any bird for food until it has its full growth. Over all was the smell of the East, indescribable and unforgetable.

Naturally the people are most interesting. Here in Yunnan they are dark of color,—much darker than the Chinese we see in our cities. Unquestionably they are blended with the original natives, such as the Shans. They dress very generally in blue cloth. It is home made. The traveller may see the women weaving and dyeing it by the road as he rides by. The poor wear a blouse and trousers much the color of our overalls. The better class generally wear gaberdines. Girls are cleanly and rather prettily clothed, sometimes with a bright-colored headdress. The little boys have blouses, but their trousers resemble Gunga Din's as far as the rear is concerned.

There seems to be much eye trouble. We constantly saw men, women and children either totally blind or with but one eye. Many were wearing the spectacles which are sold casually by the junk deal-

ers. I tried a few and could not see they contained anything but ordinary glass.

The older women hobbled about on pathetically inadequate bound feet. The younger ones, particularly the girls, have abandoned this foolish and barbarous custom. Credit for this goes in large measure to the National Government. China has suffered greatly from intellectual inbreeding. Now that she is able to marry her thoughts to those of other peoples there should be a great change.

The National Government is striving to this end through obstacles that would discourage most western statesmen. Many of their national decrees are simplicity itself to conceive, but to promulgate and put them into effect against the dead weight of prejudice and tradition accumulated through the centuries requires courage and ability beyond the ordinary. Such a one is that against the binding of feet. Another is the law against the deforestation which has destroyed and is destroying so much of the country. Another and even more important is that against the use of opium. Practically every town we have passed has had posters on this subject, yet the first thing we saw on crossing the border into China was a soldier lying on his side, his head on a stone, cooking his opium pill. Every bazaar has numbers of dealers in opium pipes who are well patronized. In half of the inns the unmistakable fumes drifted into our rooms.

Among the magistrates we had already met, two had the yellowish whites to their eyes and black teeth of the opium addict. The law seems at present to be honored in its breach, as Jack Young said, "like prohibition in the United States."

While wandering through the bazaar at Yungchang we came on four Tibetans, wild-looking mountainy men. Dressed in their felt boots and ragged heavy coats with flint and steel hanging from their belts, they formed a sharp contrast to the patient, peaceful looking lowland peasants and merchants. We tried to speak to them. They could not understand, but smiled and shook their heads. It was like a breath from the high mountains to see them, and carried us back to days spent in the fastnesses of the Himalayas.

A little later a native rushed up to us and began talking excitedly, smiling all the while. He was clearly overjoyed to see us. He was not a Chinese. Jack Young spoke to him but failed to make him understand. Then in succession we used Hindustani, Turki and Arabic, without avail. At last in desperation we tried French in the hope he might have been brought up at some French mission. That exhausted our accomplishments and he eventually left us rather sadly. He had evidently come from some country where there were whites and was now in a strange and lonely land. He had thought when he saw us

that here were people who would understand him.

It was in these bazaars in the back country that we felt most keenly our lack of knowledge. Unquestionably there were really good bronzes and china in some of the booths, but it is impossible for the unlearned to tell the valuable from the worthless. Kermit and I saw in the medicine shops row after row of Chinese porcelain jars, filled with potions and powders. We knew some must be good, but separate the sheep from the goats we could not.

At Yungchang we paid a call on the magistrate, as our soldier guard was to be relieved and another substituted. He told us that the road to Talifu was much safer than it had been, as the soldiers had recently broken up the bandit Chang's followers, who numbered two thousand.

That night we had one of those experiences that always threaten in lonely lands. Kermit was taken with violent cramps. Something in food or water had poisoned him. For a time it looked very serious. At length with the aid of the medicine chest we relieved him. During the moments when things looked blackest we sent Jack Young in search of a Chinese doctor, who we heard had studied at Rangoon. When he came the worst was past. He carried his medicine in a small tin box with a brilliantly colored picture on the cover and he spoke a little, a very little, English. He shed no light on the trouble whatsoever,

but had at least learned in his studies the medical creed, "When in doubt say nothing and look preternaturally grave."

Kermit recovered rapidly and next morning, though a bit shaky, was able to march.

In the plain after Yungchang we saw three different types of water mill. One, the most primitive of all, was a beam with a trough at one end and a mallet at the other. The water running into the trough tilts up the mallet. Then it runs out and the mallet descends on the grain. Another was two wheels on a central shaft which rotated around a track on which the grain was strewn. The last was a development of the first but much more complicated, for a series of levers ran a number of mallets in different pestles. All three mills possessed the virtue that they required little attention and their power cost nothing.

We also saw natives threshing. They use a flail much like those that were used in our country forty years ago, and that may be found now in the lumber rooms of old farmhouses. There was one real difference,—their tail piece was of rope, not of wood, so they must be much less efficient.

It was market day and the roads were thronged with people bringing their wares to the city. There were vegetables and garden truck of all sorts, chickens, ducks, wood, boards for coffins, and cloth. Pony

caravans were jingling along laden with salt which comes from salt-mines eleven days' journey away. It is carried in solid cubes perhaps ten pounds in weight. It is not white like our salt, but a dirty drab color.

A number of times we saw enormous pigs being carried in baskets. Sometimes one man would be struggling under the weight. At other times two would have the animal slung between them on a pole. Once we came on two natives panting up a hill with a basket from which a huge boar gazed placidly, for all the world like a fat Mandarin making a journey. Why this was the custom we could not find out. Perhaps the pigs refused to lead or drive. If they were going to market they at least went in such state as none of our American pigs enjoy.

On the 11th of January we crossed the Mekong. Its gorge at this point is far more rugged than that of the Salween. The mountains that form it are very steep and there is little of any cultivation. It looks what it is, one of the desolate places of the earth. The river itself was not as handsome as its sister stream to the west. It was green and rather sluggish.

One of our Kashmiri servants, Lusu, who had been with us in Turkestan three years ago, told us that in the Mekong there was a Crim. The only time we ever heard of this fabulous monster before was near Maralbashi, thousands of miles away, where our shikaris were much worried because we insisted on

taking a bath in the river, which they said was haunted by one. A Crim, incidentally, is a creature that lives in a deep pool. It eats people and cattle, some even say whole caravans. Naturally descriptions of it are vague, but all agree on one point,—that it is

> "More o' horrible and awful,
> That e'en to dream wad be unlawful."

Incidentally, Baber in the account of his journey mentions this fable of the Mekong, but, not being as learned as our Kashmiri, he merely calls it a blanket fish.

That night we spent in the town of Shayang. Here we got our first glimpse of the scourge the bands of robbers have been to the inoffensive small folk of the countryside. The main street was a line of ruins. House after house was bare blackened mud walls and piles of débris. In corners of their former homes the natives had put together rude hovels of bamboo and mud. The yamen was destroyed. The scene was as desolate as the devastated area in France. We asked what had happened, and were told that a year ago the bandits had descended and given the town to fire and sword. The leader had been a man named Yung. I am glad to say that since then he was killed by his followers in a dispute over the division of spoils.

On the next day, after a stiff two hours' climb, we came into the first really wooded country we have

seen since just after we left Burma. The mountain crests and upper slopes were covered with forests of pine and rhododendron. Of the latter none were in bloom but one species. Its blossom was a living scarlet and formed a vivid contrast to the sombre green of the foliage. Flaming on the hillside it seemed like Moses' burning bush.

For some reason our mules were very fond of the green pine needles, snatching mouthfuls of them continually,—a taste I have never seen even in mules before.

The following day we got a further reminder of the bandits. As we passed a few huts some people ran out and chatted excitedly at our escort of six soldiers. It developed that they were warning us that a band of robbers were lying in wait on the main trail. Accordingly we turned off and took a mere track to the right, and the afternoon passed without incident.

The whole country had made me think of the words of Deborah, "The highways were unoccupied, and the travellers walked through the byways." I hope that as a result of the labors of the present Central Government the people may be "delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water."

We were now travelling through a real wilderness. As far as the eye could reach in every direction forested peak succeeded forested peak. The population was very scanty. Every hour or so we would come on

a hut or two by a small hard-bought clearing on a steep hillside, but no villages worthy of the name.

At sunset we arrived at the little town of Lachudi; in English, "The Place of the Candle-Makers." It was a miserable village, with half a dozen houses and a serai. Its only resources seemed to be fierce dogs and pigs. These two animals, indeed, are the commonest in this part of China. The pigs are the most numerous. They are all sizes and shapes and live in or out of the houses indiscriminately.

By this time the weather was getting raw and cold. Every night the temperature went below freezing. Our heavy bedding-rolls, trusted companions of former days, stood us in good stead. In the morning before sunrise it was very difficult to leave their warm folds for the frost-covered icy world that lay outside. This morning, when I did get out of my blankets, I walked to the top of a near-by ridge. Though the village I had left lay in the bitter twilight, a pale cold sun had lighted the country before me making it seem even more melancholy and desolate.

Again that day we were reminded of the outlaws, for the first village we passed, Huanglinpu, was nearly levelled to the ground. About a year before it had been sacked, but not satisfied with this the bandits had returned only three weeks ago, and destroyed the feeble attempts of the remaining people to rebuild it.

The following day all the natives agreed we would go through the worst of the bandit country when we climbed a pass and descended to Yungpeh. We got up particularly early. There was no sunrise. For the first time during our march the sky was covered with clouds. Soon it began to sleet and rain. Kermit, Suydam and I walked and carried our rifles. The trail was glassy with mud and slime-coated rocks. We slipped and scrambled up the steep mountain side. Two or three times I came a cropper, landing among the rocks, rifle and all, with as loud a clang as the Great Lord of Luna under the sword of Horatius. The mules fared no better, sliding around under their loads like the proverbial hog on ice. We had adopted, with modifications, the approved military formation for guarding a baggage train. I formed the advance guard with two soldiers. Kermit protected the centre with a couple more, while Suydam brought up the rear with the remaining two. I walked about fifty yards ahead of the lead mule, largely because I thought that the sight of a fully armed white man with two soldiers might discourage any one with designs on the caravan. My two soldiers were as active as crickets. They ran this way and that in spite of the wretched going, ranging over the front like bird dogs. Soon it became impossible to see anything, for mist, drifting and eddying through the trees, flowed up the valley and engulfed us. I had to drop back to

keep contact with our train. The stumbling drivers and mules swathed in the white fog looked ghost-like.

In the early afternoon we dropped down a steep slope to a broad valley. We had not seen a sign of a bandit. Probably they were too sensible to go out in such weather.

We spent that night in the little walled town of Yungpeh. When we arrived we were thoroughly drenched. The serai where we stopped had been made into a veritable cesspool by the wet. We stripped and put on our pajamas. Suydam, for evident and practical reasons, wore a coal-black pair. Probably the most striking garment we had with us was his extra pair. They were purple silk. His other clothes did not maintain this standard. He had forgotten his good coat for state occasions, so when we made any formal call he wore a light brown ready-made hunting coat with an extremely large oil spot. It bellied out in the back like a bag.

Next morning it was still raining, so we got out from our baggage some large black umbrellas intended for use much later when the rainy season began. Under these we plodded along the road looking like Robinson Crusoes, beards and all. At noon we sat around a very small fire, and while the rain dripped off my umbrella I worked on this chapter. That night we stopped in the usual little bandit-

ravaged town. We had the usual number of false alarms. Once one of the caravan men rushed in to say bandits were looting the next village.

Next morning we marched up the rough gorge of the outlet of Tali Lake. By noon we reached the walls and fort of the city of Siakwan. It lies on the shores of the lake and is the real business centre of the district.

Here we stopped to arrange our money transfers. This is a most complicated matter as the different denominations, though ostensibly dealing in the same medium, the cent, have entirely different relative values. The standard, of course, is the dollar "Mex," worth about fifty cents of our money. The half-dollar piece is the most valuable,—the paper dollar the least. One dollar in half-dollar silver pieces is worth many dollars in paper. The twenty-cent pieces stand in between. It takes some 120 cents in them to equal 100 cents in the half-dollars. This is because certain enterprising officials had them coined in brass outside of the country. To make matters worse, the values are different in most places and in certain districts paper and small coin are not accepted at all. The final straw is added by the practice of separate coinage for the different provinces. Making out an income tax in America is simple compared with figuring exchange in China.

While we were in the city we bought some furs for

presents. They were not very numerous and of course either raw or poorly tanned. We picked up half a dozen pelts of the small panda, a little creature of a bright reddish color with a ringed tail like a raccoon. The Chinese call it the ho hu, or fire fox.

In the afternoon we marched north along the shores of Tali Lake. The water was a deep blue. A number of small junks dotted it. On our left lay the mountains capped with snow. Over them hung a heavy bank of clouds. From time to time chilly gusts carrying spurts of rain swept down from them.

At dark we made the city of Tali, and after a half-mile walk over slippery cobbles came to the China Inland Mission. There we were most hospitably received by Mr. W. J. Hanna and his wife. During the time we spent in the city they did everything for us, from looking out for Kermit, who had a return of his Yungchang trouble, to engaging additional muleteers and a helper for our cook. This latter had long been a problem. Twice before we had apparently succeeded in hiring a Chinese boy, but both times when our caravan moved in the morning he had deserted. This helper, of course, spoke no language known to the rest of our servants, but a satisfactory system was devised by a series of signs and grins.

There are but four Europeans in Tali, the Hannas and two French priests. Though all are friendly their intercourse is limited. Periodically they all dine to-

gether and converse in Chinese, the only language they have in common.

We spent two days here making arrangements and resting the men and mules. It is an interesting city. Once it was a far greater place than it now is, but the wars incident to the Mohammedan rebellion some fifty years ago partially destroyed it. There are the remains of heavy gray stone outer walls, but much of the land within is waste. In the mornings the city was lovely. The sun shining on the white pagodas made them look like pillars of snow. Behind was the mountain with tier on tier of graves climbing its side and frowning clouds on its frosty summit.

Mr. Hanna was a mine of information. He had spent more than twenty years in the country and spoke the language like a native. Much of his time he has spent ministering to bodies, as well as souls, as always must be done with primitive people. The great twin curses of the land are opium and poverty. Each breeds the other. He told us fully 80 per cent of the men are drug addicts. The French priests at Ning-yuanfu later testified to the same proportion. The taxes that the people pay are grinding and leave little to them but a bare existence bought by ceaseless labor. There are no public improvements. Education is practically non-existent. The women have the worst time. In the lower classes they do much of the porterage. The streets and roads are lined with them,

ranging from girls to grandmothers, bending under loads that would tax the strength of a strong man. They bear from eight to twelve children, but rarely more than four survive. Mr. Hanna said that one of the commonest cases he had was opium poisoning, generally among women. Life held nothing but gray days for them and they wished to end it. Naturally the people know very little of anything beyond their immediate surroundings. As far as other nations go they live in as fantastic a world as that of Sir John Mandeville. They believe in a nation of women, a race with tails, and, strangest of all, a people with a large hole through the centre of the stomach. When one of these people, who literally might be said to have no bowels, wishes to go somewhere, he gets two coolies who thrust a pole through the hole, take it on their shoulders, and trot off with him suspended between.

Mr. Hanna also told us that in his medical work he often had cases due to the bandits. Men came to him with hands and arms severed or great gashes in head or body, the wounds untended and generally crawling with maggots. The Chinese authorities make war on the outlaws with equal ferocity. Some months ago it was discovered that certain robber chiefs lived in a village not far from Siakwan. The local troops marched on it, formed a cordon around it, and then fired it. Not a living thing was allowed to escape.

Man, woman and child either perished in the flames or were shot down by the soldiers.

During the two days we were in Tali Mr. and Mrs. Hanna gave us the most delicious food to eat. Only those who have lived for weeks on a series of chickens muscled like professional athletes, cooked by a jungle Mohammedan, can appreciate what a good dinner means. One day we had roast beef. It was tough, but we ate every scrap. Mr. Hanna apologized for it by saying that the Yunnanese never kill a cow except to save it from dying.

The evening before we left we were saying good night to the Hannas when we heard a commotion in the courtyard and saw in the flicker of the lanterns Azizo, the Kashmiri we had left with Stevens. Wreathed in smiles he announced, "Stevens Sahib idar hai." We trooped out into the street and saw his caravan clattering along over the cobbles. In a moment he appeared riding on the gray pony which had run away at Tengyueh. We were delighted to see him as we had been worried at the thought of his going alone through the supposedly bad bandit country that lay between us and Likiang. That very evening we arranged for additional mules to take him with us, and turned into our sleeping bags much relieved.

CHAPTER IV

SOUTH OF THE CLOUDS

On the morning of the 20th we sorted out our loads, and getting the combined caravans into some semblance of shape set off along the lake on our first day's stage to Likiang. If you halt for even a day it is invariably difficult to get under way again with any despatch, and our situation was further complicated by hiring additional mules for Stevens. It was therefore late when we started, and it was comforting to think that we would have an early moon to help us on the march, which, it took no prophet to foretell, would not be terminated until after dark.

Tali Lake is about twenty-five miles long, but nowhere more than three miles across. There is a good deal of produce transported to and fro in small junks, whose owners further eke out a livelihood by fishing. The lake fish which we tested were no great delicacy, but we were told that there are two sorts, one described as something in the nature of a trout, which are well worth a place on the table. As we reached the upper end of the lake we saw ducks and cranes, and had we made an earlier start we might have added a welcome variation to our bill of fare. Stevens collected a number of birds and two squirrels.

The muleteers groaned and complained about the moonlight march, but we explained to them that it had been entirely with them to obviate it, and that we had warned them that a late start spelled a late arrival. No amount of experience could impress this simple fact upon our grasshopper muleteers.

When we reached Tengchwan, the small walled town which was to be our night's halt, we found the gates closed, and a lengthy parley ensued, terminated by our passing through the crack one of our visiting-cards. The gates were thereupon flung open. These visiting-cards, which we had each had printed in Chinese, proved most useful upon all sorts of occasions, and secured passage for messengers and grain for our mules, often when undecipherable to the recipients. The only available serai was both small and dirty, and soon the patio was a confused jumble of kicking and squealing mules, shouting muleteers, and toppling pack-saddles. It was late before we evolved a sort of order out of the chaos.

Next day we rode for some distance along the bank of the large canal through which flows the river that feeds Tali Lake from the north. It was market day, and through the stream of traffic our mules buffeted a passage. Sturdy donkeys and ponies laden with firewood bore down upon us, sheering off at the last moment. Stocky peasants carried newly fashioned chests of drawers on their backs; above the women's

heads towered great baskets of vegetables. Most colorful were the loads of red peppers; bundles heaped on top of baskets, with peppers bursting through the seams. Next came two youths with a pig in a pannier slung between them on a pole, its head sticking out with a foolish uncertain expression. Three types of carrying gear were in use, the shoulder straps of the Adirondack guide, the tump line across the forehead worn by certain American Indians, and a wooden yoke fitting around the neck. Sometimes these last two methods were combined.

Niukai, Ox Village, was our night's halt. There are some hot springs near by, and when we got in we were greeted by the information, retailed through our Kashmiris, that there was a hamman, a Turkish bath, in town. Jack and I went off to investigate; we found that a wooden shed had been built over a rock-edged tank which was fed by a water channel running from the hot springs. There was also an outlet, but the men and boys grouped around the pool, and the quantity of foreign matter visible floating in it did not render it a tempting bath to any one who had been able to indulge himself as lately as three days previous at Talifu.

The bugaboo of brigandage was never far distant. The General from Talifu with his entire army (we never could learn even approximately of what this consisted) was encamped not far off, engaged in an

GOING TO MARKET

"MAIN STREET" IN YUNNAN

expedition against some particularly militant bandits. The magistrate had told us that the General would provide us with some regular soldiers to escort us on our next day's march, which led through what was regarded as a special hunting-ground of the outlaws. We sent the magistrate's letter to the General and he replied that he had no regulars to spare, and advised us to go another and roundabout way. At length, while still admonishing us not to proceed, he provided us with a dozen militia.

The country through which we passed on our first stage to Tienwei was indeed admirably suited for a field of operations for brigands. High, pine-clad hills enclosed us, and through them the trail wound its sinuous way, often so deeply cut that it was no more than a channel three or four feet wide with walls ten or twelve feet high on either hand. A swarm of men and women with burdens of grain and vegetables and household goods had availed themselves of the protection of our passage. They were dotted about here and there among the mules, but got so much in the way that we eventually segregated them in the rear.

The long winding ascent brought us to grass uplands, with pine-clid hills hemming them in. We passed a small hamlet where a handful of soldiers stood aside to watch us. They were regulars, better armed and clad than our ragged draft. We later

learned that they had made an unsuccessful attempt to extract tribute from our muleteers. Four or five miles further on we heard shots behind, which our retinue interpreted as a brush between the bandits and the soldiers we had passed.

I was acting rearguard. As we made our way down from the plateau we trooped through a village out of which buzzed an irate inhabitant with an antique gun in his hands. His endeavor to halt our foot followers met with only partial success. His fury rendered him so inarticulate that it was some time before I could discover his grievance. It developed that he wished to collect money for having afforded a safe passage, although in just what way he had been responsible was hard to say. Our soldier escort had probably already received something of the sort, for they took an active part in the altercation and left the impotent villager furiously gesticulating.

The inhabitants of the country through which we were passing are known to the Chinese as Minchia, which means simply "dwellers." This part of Yunnan is a rich field for an ethnologist, but probably, owing to the lack of written records, much will ever remain guesswork, no matter how extended the research may be. There has been a great deal of speculation as to whether any trace of the so-called original inhabitants remains. Possibly all the different tribes now living in the lands are remnants of immigration

and invasion. In a comparatively small area may be found Mozos, Lolos, Mantzu, Minchia, and Nashi. With all of them the Chinese have to a greater or less extent mingled and intermarried, but as yet not sufficiently to make any real impression, and as far as it is possible to foresee there is very little chance of their doing so for a long time to come.

The young Minchia girls whom we met along the trail had fine features and rosy cheeks; if their Saturday baths came around more often, they would certainly have been both attractive and good to look at. In many cases the apple cheeks were of artificial origin, and pigments must have been cheap and plentiful.

Both men and women wore coats and jackets of untanned skins, usually of domestic animals. We passed one young fellow with a fine coat made from a black bear's hide. The hair was always left on, and usually worn outside.

We were scattered about throughout the length of the caravan for better protection against a possible raid, and some of our Kashmiris were detailed to special loads of value. One of the latter, Gaffar Sheikh, when far separated from Ted, Suydam, and myself caught sight of a black bear above him on the mountainside, within what he described as long rifle-range.

Tienwei we found to be an attractive village close

by a largish lake. Just on entering it a temple stands amid a grove of chestnut trees; the conventional lions of China guard its entrance, and its enclosure is dotted with stone arches and pillars and minor shrines, all leading to the main temple with its columned entrance and courtyard and altar. Even in its autumnal trappings it was a temple of romance, and made one wish for a sight of it when the leaves of tree and bush are young and when flowers stud the grass.

Our fourth day's march from Talifu took us through a good-sized walled town, Kienchwanchow. In contrast to the pillaged and razed villages of which we had seen so much, this town seemed unusually prosperous; the walls were in excellent repair, and many houses were in process of construction. The long main street with busy shops on either side stretched out indefinitely. Kienchwanchow is probably an excellent haven from bandits and real-estate values must be soaring. As we walked on hundreds of coolies with pine boards on their backs swarmed past us toward the town. A whole squad was loaded with heavy coffin boards of the conventional design, and calculated by their cost to plunge the family of the deceased into hopeless debt.

The valley through which our march lay was eight thousand feet in altitude, and its wintry appearance and the snow-covered mountains that surrounded it made the groves of fish-tail palms about the farm

houses and villages seem very much out of place. Many of the brier hedges and groups of almond trees were in bloom. Occasionally a flowering cherry tree added a splash of additional color.

We passed an unusual number of wayside shrines; beside a stone bridge stood an altar with an image of a cheerful, fat, laughing god, corresponding to the familiar Hotei of Japan.

Stevens brought in two Brahminy ducks and a falcated teal, a species peculiar to Asia. Aside from their scientific interest we found them a pleasant addition to the larder.

Next day we reached Likiang, after a lovely march among rolling pine-clad hills with snow mountains in the distance. We walked through patches of snow for the first time. The weather was that of a brisk day in late October on Long Island. After a short halt for lunch among the pines we crossed a last valley and over the final ridge from which we descended to Likiang. Behind it towered Mount Satseto, more than twenty-one thousand feet high.

Mr. Andrews, of the Pentecostal Mission, rode out to meet us. His birthplace was Somerset, but his wife proved to be a fellow countrywoman, hailing from Cleveland. Our protests were overruled and the hospitality of the Andrewses prevailed, so that instead of going to a serai we stayed with them in the Mission compound. Such a welcome to an unkempt

ragged outfit must, we felt, be attributed to the extreme scarcity of foreigners, for Andrews could count on the fingers of one hand those who had passed through during the six years since he first came to the post. No one could have been more kind nor taken more trouble than Mr. and Mrs. Andrews.

We sallied forth immediately with Mr. Andrews to make the various arrangements with regard to finances and food and mules. We were fortunate in finding a merchant who agreed to give us a credit of four thousand five hundred Chinese dollars (equivalent to about one thousand eight hundred dollars) in Tatsienlu. Next day the merchant asked if we would let him send two mules with us. We agreed, providing there was a muleteer with them. Later the two loads arrived at the compound without mules or driver, but with a present of Chinese cakes and condensed milk in gaudily painted wooden boxes. Before long it dawned upon us that our friend proposed sending the cash for our credit with us on our own mules and in our own care! We reiterated our original agreement, but neither pack animal nor man appeared, and we left the loads in the compound.

Mr. Andrews proved indefatigable. He was obviously intimately known and liked by the adults of Likiang, but it was the children whose hearts he had completely won over. The night we spent with him there were two hundred and seventeen gathered to

sing hymns, and listen to a short talk. At times he shows them lantern slides and tells them the story of the pictures. Wherever we walked there was invariably a group of children about us, like porpoises sporting around an ocean liner. Some were looking after Mr. Andrews' dog and seeing that it got into no bickerings with the town mongrels. Others were ready to run messages or warn merchants that we were about to call. With each and all he chaffed and joked, and we might have been part of the procession of a benevolent Pied Piper.

Jack had gone with our cards to the Magistrate and brought back the disquieting news that the authorities said there was a band of eight hundred Tibetan marauders hovering in the offing, and we would not be allowed to go on. We heard that the troops had gone forth to drive back these bandits, but had themselves been routed. This complication caused a day's delay before we were able to secure our permits and a bodyguard of five soldiers.

The day was not wasted, for through Mr. Andrews' aid and energy we exchanged for ponies some of our mules that were too evidently showing the weariness of travel. In addition I got from him a sturdy white riding pony, admirably adapted to the work before it. We hired a subsidiary caravan of Tibetans, great stalwart fellows with finely chiselled wild features. Luzon was their headman. A cheerful Nashi, A-ju,

with two mules, also joined us, and most important of all, Hsuen, born in Likiang of Tibetan parents, and speaking many dialects, was added. He had learned some English at the mission—the only man we met in Likiang who could speak a word. He was hired as caravan head, to take the responsibility from well-meaning, hard-working little Chin Tso Lin's incompetent hands.

Likiang is a busy town. On a central square there each day congregates a throng of buyers and sellers. Everything to fill the wants of the inhabitants was ready for purchase. It was a lively gathering—a cheerful crowd to rub elbows with.

As we trailed about the narrow streets Mr. Andrews pointed out the serai where General Pereira stayed when passing through on his last tragic journey.

On the 26th of January, after the usual delays inevitable to starting a newly composed caravan on its initial stage, we moved out up the valley. During the next five days we would be marching through the mountains enclosed in the great bend of the Yangtze. The river, although invisible, would be only a short distance to our left and to our right.

Our first halt we bivouacked beside a rocky outcrop in the valley, close below the snowy peak of Mount Satseto, rearing its twenty-one thousand foot summit thirteen thousand feet sheer above us. Ti-

A VALLEY HUT

A BLEAK AND WINDY CAMP SITE

betans seem impervious to wind, and were unconcerned at the blasts that nearly blew us out of our bedding rolls and permeated everything with fine dust particles.

The morning proved a dismal awakening. Half our own caravan had strayed, in addition to a few mules and ponies from the hired caravan. After a long search and a wait filled with gloomy forebodings, all but two of our mules were found, and the Tibetans were missing but one. Jack's pony also failed to put in an appearance. Adjusting our packs anew we set out and made a short march, camping in a sheltered dell with a noisy brook beside us and the glaciers of the white peaks straight above. We put up our tents and fared well. Ted and Jack Young set out lines of traps and caught four mice of two species.

Next day we did some stiff "up going," as our Kashmiris called it. We were now amid snow, and camped that night near a lonely Lolo hut in a very exposed hollow. The men left behind to look for the strays returned, reporting no success. It was bitterly cold, and preparing yesterday's haul of mice with numb fingers was not an agreeable task. During the night the Kashmiris' tent blew down several times, and we were constantly expecting to be buried in the folds of our small tents. They held firm, however, but it was a cold, uncomfortable night, and we

each made mental reservations that no matter how late we reached our halting-place we would in the future bend every effort to securing some sort of shelter from the blasts that came roaring down the mountainsides. We could hear them thundering through the tree-tops some little time before they struck—quite sufficiently in advance to allow us the full dread of anticipation.

Each day it snowed a little with occasional flurries of hail. Our way led through great forests of fir and pine and hemlock and spruce, with occasional groups of oak. This part of the world is the happy hunting-ground of the botanists, and with it are associated such names as Rock and Forrest and Kingdon Ward. Reginald Farrer's delightful accounts in the "Rainbow Bridge" and the "Eaves of the World" deal with his travels in the province of Kansu, for his work was always north or south of this country, and it was in Burma that he made his last expedition and met his death. Our fellow countryman, Joseph Rock, I had last seen when he lunched with me at India House in New York just before returning to Yunnan. At Likiang we heard the good news that we should find him at Yungning.

The fauna of this region has been but little worked. Roy Andrews and Edmund Heller made a comprehensive survey of parts of Yunnan, their farthest north being Likiang. Both Rock and Forrest in their

spare moments collected birds and turned in exceedingly valuable collections, but their best efforts were quite naturally turned to botany.

Stevens was very keen at the prospect of entering what in many respects must prove a virgin territory, and we were in much the same situation as regarded the large game. If anybody has hunted big game here he has certainly left no record of it. This not only applies to a comprehensive study of the district, but even to sporadic hunting. From Rock we had heard rumors of stag and takin and serow and goral, but he was always careful to add that he never carried a rifle, and his interest being in the flora of the country he paid little or no attention to the big game.

For the last three days of January we continued to march through these glorious wooded mountains. Looking forward from some pass such a maze of towering mountain ranges would fill the horizon that it would seem impossible that there should be a way to weave through them. The patient trail, however, wound along ridges, down into valleys, and around mountain shoulders, tracing a tortuous course, always in the same general northeasterly direction.

Our Bhamo muleteers, with the exception of Chin Tso Lin, were useless. Always lazy and worthless, they now gave in completely with the unaccustomed cold and snow. The trail at times was very difficult,

particularly where the sun could reach it but for a few hours and partially melt the snow and ice. Leopards were reported plentiful and savage, but all we saw of them were some fresh tracks along the path.

One bitterly cold night two more of our horses got loose and were never found. That afternoon saw us embarked on our stiffest climb, to a pass over fifteen thousand feet from which we would drop, with one more ascent, down into the valley of the Yangtze. One of our Bhamo mules gave out completely, and five or six others, even though unloaded or with very light packs, caused us much anxiety. They had not only come a long distance, but in addition the incompetence and carelessness of the muleteers had added to their hazards. Chin Tso Lin and Tsao, Forrest's former servant whom we had picked up at Talifu, both suffered from the altitude and lay down frequently in the snow. Their comrades were callous to their sufferings, and had not Ted realized Tsao's plight the poor fellow might well have been left behind on the trail to die of exposure.

Our first view of the Yangtze showed it a thin silver thread far below us. Valley there was none, it appeared to run through a deep narrow gorge, the walls rising precipitously on either hand.

The night before crossing the river we stopped at the Lolo hamlet of Fengkow. The villagers streamed

out to review us and our accoutrement. Great and small, all wore the old familiar pigtail. Hitherto we had seen none, save those of our Tibetan muleteers, for the Chinese had cut them off, following the custom and edicts of the new order.

Next morning Ted and I took Lusu and four mules and went on in advance in order to reach Yungning ahead of the caravan and start in on arranging for the hire of mules and purchase of supplies for the three weeks' journey to Tatsienlu. An hour and a half's descent brought us to the river's bank, here at an altitude of four thousand feet above sea level. The ferry reminded Ted of the craft in which the Jumblies put to sea. After each trip it was necessary to bale furiously before again embarking. The mules scrambled over the high sides without difficulty or fuss, but Ted's pony was unaccustomed and went through a course of gymnastics, during which it seemed inevitable that he would put a foot through the bottom of the boat.

An hour's distance from the farther bank we halted at the village of one of our muleteers. He was a fine looking fellow that we had met on the trail. His outfit had been travelling without loads so we had engaged a few of his mules to spare our weary ones. The cost was light enough, less than thirty cents a day a mule.

Our host's residence proved him a man of substance

and consequence. It was built around a courtyard. In the lower story the principal apartment was a spacious kitchen, the rafters blackened with the soot of generations of cooking. Hung around the walls were riding gear and swords and ancient blunderbusses. In niches were the Familiar Gods of the house. The great copper pots shone in the obscurity. We had our lunch upstairs on a balcony in front of the family shrine, a well-built altar ornamented with figures of the deities and with brazen incense bowls. On either side were shelves with volumes of the Buddhist Bible bound in old carved wood, a collector might well say "in the original boards."

When we came out to resume our journey we found Ted's pony suffering from a colic brought on by a "surfeit of green peas." Our host proved equal to the occasion. From the folds of his robe he produced a small silver box. Extracting a pinch of snuff-like powder he blew it, through a long metal tube, up the nostrils of the pony. Twice he did this, each time taking care not to let the pony sneeze the powder out. The effect was undeniably good.

During the afternoon we climbed up a stiff ascent to spend the night in a mountaineer's hut. While climbing we several times heard "the thunder of Tibetan drums" and passed groups of native priests gathered together performing upon drum and cymbal. As far as we could learn they were not orthodox

Lamas, but more in the nature of native witch doctors. One gathering that was close by a house was engaged in curing a sick man.

Next morning we were off at six-thirty, with a series of stiff climbs ahead of us. It is easy to tell a principal trail by the wealth of worn-out grass sandals with which it is strewn. The rougher and rockier the path, the greater the number of sandals. The snow lay deep in the hollows and the horses we led behind us struggled and slipped on the icy ascents and descents. Eight hours' steady marching took us to the Lamasery of Yungning. A struggling line of huts outside the walls formed the village. Inside the enclosure there were a large temple, several lesser ones, and many houses, both great and small, in which the Lamas lived.

We received a friendly welcome from the Abbot, who told us that Doctor Rock was on an island in a lake, distant three hours' ride. We despatched a message to him, and set to work on the necessary arrangements for securing new mules and supplementing and augmenting our equipment. My only coat had been burned by blown embers from the campfire; the Abbot kindly let me have some of the Tibetan-made cloth of his yellow robes with which to patch it, so that I became in part a yellow Lama. An excellent native dinner was prepared for us, with yellowed ivory chop-sticks to take the place of knife and

fork. We were housed in the Abbot's residence, a three-storied stone affair built around a large courtyard. Outside the Abbot's door a monkey was chained, rather an evil-tempered little rascal who delighted in sinking his sharp teeth into the clothes of an unwary passer-by.

We had hoped to find some sort of bazaar, but there was none, and the only shopping to be had was in the private houses. We managed to get some heavy boots for Tsao and Chin Tso Lin, but our shikarries' feet proved larger than those of the natives, so it was impossible to better their footgear. Had we known what was ahead we would have made fuller use of the bazaar at Likiang.

Next morning we borrowed a couple of riding mules from the Lamas, so as to allow our ponies a full day's rest, and rode out to meet Rock. The Chinese type of saddle was in use here, with the heavy round-based stirrup in which either heel or toe may be placed indiscriminately. Sometimes you see a rider with his heel in one stirrup and toe in the other.

A couple of hours out we met Doctor Rock. I had written him four or five months since, from New York, telling of our plans and saying that our trails might cross, but he had had no mail since early November, so our advent came as a complete surprise. His first question was as to the result of the Presidential election; and we brought him up to date, as

far as our own ancient information permitted, with other world affairs.

On our return to the Lamasery we found Suydam and the balance of the caravan awaiting us. A number of our Bhamo mules were too travel-worn to undertake the cold mountain trek to Tatsienlu, so we set about exchanging them for fresh ones. Eventually we engaged a Lama to accompany us with fifteen mules. He was a fine strapping fellow of distinguished connections, for his father was a bandit and his brother, known as Balung Chu Dje, is the reincarnation of a fearsome deity. When possessed of this god's spirit, he ties steel sword blades into knots, and is a dangerous companion. The Lamas whose duty it is at such times to seek prophecies from him not uncommonly suffer at his hands. His predecessor had killed one of them, and our muleteer's brother had not been chary of his buffets. In the temples we were shown a sword he had bent while in his trances. Of course at these times he is not held accountable for his actions.

It was necessary to wait over a day to complete our caravan transactions, so we took the opportunity of riding out with Doctor Rock across the valley to see the swarms of duck and of crane with which the valley abounded. We shot one of each with our Springfields. Suydam was having his first ride on a pinto pony which we had exchanged for one of our mules.

It was a spirited little animal, but without an ounce of viciousness, an ideal mount for steady marching. Our Kashmiris adopted certain English words, whose orthography they altered to permit easier pronunciation. Thus a stew or any dish of varied contents was known as a "mickus" (mixed). Suydam's mount was speedily christened "the Mickus."

Returning to the Lamasery we came upon a group of Nashi sorcerer priests at work just outside the walls. They had built a small altar in front of which was set a pig's head; prayer flags formed an alley. One man held a wooden ruler on which were engraved weird figures of man and beast. With the ruler he imprinted the figures upon wheaten cakes which he tossed to the evil spirits. Four or five men beat great and small drums and clashed cymbals. The ceremony was in the interest of a sick man. There seemed to be a friendly live and let live spirit in existence between the Lamas and these irregulars. With a Lama's help I succeeded in purchasing the ruler and one of the small drums.

The Abbot showed us through the various temples. None contained any especially fine figures or paintings, but neither were any of them tawdry. The "dim religious light" was impressive, and the wooden floors had received a rich tone from the yak butter with which they had been polished, although the rancid smell was not particularly agreeable. In one of the

SORCERERS AT WORK OUTSIDE THE YUNGNING MONASTERY

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lesser temples, where an old Lama sat in prayer, there were quantities of ancient weapons; old blunderbusses of every vintage all the way down from the matchlocks which one man supported and another fired—the repercussion knocking down both members of the crew.

We were not long in learning from Doctor Rock how disturbed the country was, and what anxiety the safeguarding of his collections gave him. Lesser raids were of frequent occurrence. Some Lolo marauders had recently carried off sixty-five Yungning peasants, whom the Lamas were making every effort to ransom. More disturbing were the reports of the larger bands. Chang Chi Pa, which signifies Chang the Stutterer, had been hovering in the offing. A former muleteer, he enjoyed a peculiarly sinister reputation. Rock quoted as common belief, to which he gave partial credit, that Chang each day ate a human heart. A Lama friend of Rock's had been hung by Chang to a tree, his feet weighted down by stones. Although cut down before dead, he had been left a hopeless cripple for life. Other tales of the bandit's cruelty were legion. Many had been confirmed by a Catholic missionary who had been his prisoner. At times he had a horde numbering five thousand following him. Latest reports proved him to have joined the Tibetan raiders of whom we had heard near Likiang. The original objective of the joint band had

been the sack of Yungning, but now their plans had altered in favor of first taking Likiang. As Rock's collections were divided between the two places he was not in a happy predicament.

Thanks to Rock's help our pack-animal difficulties were satisfactorily solved. We sent back our Bhamo muleteers. They had proved both lazy and inefficient, Chin Tso Lin, the head man, doing all the work. Him we had found extremely conscientious and hardworking. He expressed himself as eager to go along with us so we placed him in charge of the riding animals, with general supervision over the balance of our original pack-mules. When we told him that we would take him he was overjoyed and to each in turn he insisted on making the formal kowtow, touching his head to the ground three times in succession.

On February 5th we left our comfortable quarters in the Lamasery. The question of presents to our hosts had been one of considerable difficulty. One is always uncertain what to bring on an expedition, for tastes vary greatly even among similarly situated peoples, and what may be a great success in one place may be a total failure in another. The most welcome gift here we found to be an automatic self-generating flashlight. Knives were also invariably appreciated, and the same may be said of pocket tool-kits. Our McClellan saddles were always greatly admired; and we were offered a pony with a Chinese saddle thrown

in for one of these saddles. We regretted not having brought extra ones for our retainers that might later have been used as gifts.

Doctor Rock rode out the first half day with us. He had told us of a mountain two days farther along where he knew that sambhur were to be found, and sent with us two of his Nashi servants. The ride through the valley was lovely but somewhat chilly. It seemed incongruous to see water buffalo at this altitude, close upon ten thousand feet. I had always associated them with the paddy fields of the Philippines or the blazing heat of the Calcutta streets. The Abbot was unable to tell us whence they came or who first had brought them to the mountain-rimmed plain of Yungning.

The peasants we passed on the trail were almost painfully polite, stepping to one side and kowtowing low to the ground. It was only within the last few days that we had come across the Tibetan method of friendly and respectful salute by protruding the tongue and scratching the ear.

At a Lolo village we picked up three native hunters, for we wished to hunt separately. Each Lolo was armed with an antiquated matchlock. The one who went with Ted always lighted his portefeu when they were following a fresh trail. These old weapons must have been highly inaccurate; they were tightly bound about the barrel with rawhide as a precaution

against bursting. After leaving the Lolo village we crossed into the Muli King's territory, and when we attempted at a hamlet to get additional guides we were told that the King allowed none of his subjects to hunt.

We camped about halfway up the mountainside, reaching our mountain meadow in time for the afternoon hunting. We tossed coins for first choice of direction, Suydam winning. There was no scope for intelligent choosing, but we each set out with a stiff climb ahead of us. Immediately upon leaving the meadow I was in a magnificent pine forest, with the snow lying deep beneath the trees. Mokhta Lone and I followed the Lolo up along a ridge where we soon came on fresh sambhur tracks. Following these we continued our climb for an hour or more, seeing nothing but a couple of pheasants that whirred out from a covert of scrub oak beneath us.

Gradually the trees grew smaller and sparser, until we came out upon all but barren ridges, separated by deep gullies. As we climbed cautiously to a vantage point the Lolo, who was ahead, hastily motioned us on, and indicated, with hoarse whispers, a serow standing among the rocks a hundred and fifty yards away across a deep ravine. It was not an easy shot, but my third bullet finally settled the business, and the serow rolled over and over down into the bed of the gorge. It was a smallish male. The serow is a

mountain antelope, with horns much like our Rocky Mountain goat. He is not so clumsily built, however, and the pelt of this particular species is very dark brown.

Ted's native hunter had evidently not come to any very clear understanding with mine as to a division of territory, for we had not got our quarry far on our way to camp before we were joined by Ted and his men. They had heard the shooting and a few minutes later Gaffar Sheikh had sighted two sambhur disappearing over a ridge far ahead. Ted had also been following a fresh trail, but it was impossible to say whether the sambhur seen were those that he was following or the ones which I was tracking.

We gralloched the serow, and between them the Lolos brought it to camp, not, however, without much encouragement. It was long after dark when we got in, so I put off preparing the skin until the following morning. We had determined to stay over and have a full day's hunting, so next morning at half-past five we reluctantly crawled out of our bedding rolls, and after a hasty breakfast Ted and Suydam set off up the mountain. I did not get as early a start, for first of all I had to prepare the serow. It was frozen stiffer than any Argentine steer in cold storage. My duties over I embarked on a long day's climbing, during which I saw nothing save a mountain partridge, which I brought in for the pot. Having shot it with

the Springfield its skin was unfortunately past saving.

Neither Ted nor Suydam had seen anything, and though we all had found a good many tracks, some of which were recent, we felt that there was not a great deal of game in the country, and that we would not be justified in delaying longer. Early the following morning we therefore packed up, and leaving Mount Gibboh set out on our march into Muli.

CHAPTER V

THE KINGDOM OF MULI

"And down the loaded air there comes
The thunder of Tibetan drums
And droned,—'Om mane padme hums.'"

—Kipling.

On the morning after our hunt we broke camp early and started on our double march for Muli. A stiff climb brought us to the top of the pass of Mount Gibboh. The snow lay deep on the ground and the wind snarled around us, tearing at the scraggly branches of the few pines that struggled up the steep slope. As far as the eye could reach lay rough mountains and hills. So rugged was the country there seemed hardly enough level ground to pitch a tent. By our trail on the crest was the usual pile of stones with bits of rag floating from it,—an altar to the gods of the pass.

All over the world I have seen these little wayside shrines, shrines for the consolation of travellers. I remember in France marching by them, neat white stones sheltering the image of the Virgin or some saint. There are shrines by the bad passes in the Alps. In the Himalayas rude piles of rock to which each traveller adds a stone are raised on the high passes and by the dangerous fords in the rivers. In

India I have seen them resplendent in Oriental colors, perhaps containing a figure of Ganesha, the elephant-god. Here in China, in the low country, weird and savage looking gods in little temples often stand by the bridges. It is certain that few need protection more than those who go on journeys to far lands, even in these days when travel is so much safer than in the past.

After leaving the top of the pass we wound down by zigzag trails into the valley. To our left on top of a hill we passed a square brownstone tower. The head muleteer, who was walking behind me leading my horse, pointed to it and said, "Mu Tien Wong." Later I asked Jack Young what this meant. He told me it was the name of an æsthetic immortal who travels through China putting up a house wherever the scenery is particularly beautiful. This tower was one of his building.

Now we caught sight of Muli, clinging to the slopes of Mount Mitsuga. It was across a gorge not more than a couple of miles away as the crow flies, but hours by marching. A dark grove of evergreens lay above. Just below them was the city, a cluster of white buildings ringed by a white wall.

The Kingdom of Muli is one of those small, only partially assimilated principalities that are found in Western China. It is only lately, through the pictures and articles of Doctor Joseph Rock, that it has

become known to the outside world. Church and state are one, for its temporal king is also the spiritual chief. Its people are Buddhists, and he might be called the Prince Abbot. Naturally, as the yellow lamas are celibate, the crown goes to a brother or nephew. The powers of the throne are absolute. The present family is of Manchu descent. Of course they are in mortal terror of China's encroachment. Not long ago a Chinese general heard of gold in the rivers of the Kong-lin tribes that live in the mountains southwest of Muli. He sent a messenger proposing that he should pay them a visit. Partially inspired by Muli influence, the reply of the wild mountaineers was to cut off the miserable ambassador's ears. Doctor Rock found him lying in a swoon on the Yungning plain.

All afternoon we travelled. Two or three times we passed caravans. They were led by lamas dressed in red Tibetan cloth, with yellow caps to show that they belonged to the yellow or reformed sect. Most of them wore necklaces decorated with silver, turquoises, and a heavy ivory ring. On the trail half a dozen times we saw branches of green leaves, rhododendron or pine, with a rock placed on top of them. I thought they were some pateran, a signal from one caravan leader to another, and was much surprised when I was told they were placed there in honor of Chinese New Year, which was but a few days away.

Just as night fell we reached the city. It was quiet and deserted. The white temples were ghost-like in the frosty dark. We found our main caravan had arrived early in the day and was comfortably housed. Hardly had we dismounted when the two head lamas came to see us. They were fat jovial men. One of them wore a little pointed black mustache. With them came a messenger from the King of the Mulis, who was at Kulu. Doctor Rock's note had reached him and he sent a letter asking us to visit him there. The messenger also presented us with dried yak and goat meat, and leather bags of grain for horses and men. We thanked them with much ceremony and presented each with a mechanical electric torch and a turquoise ring. A few questions elicited the fact that a visit to Kulu would cost us four days. We could not spare the time, so we wrote a very polite letter explaining our problem.

Next morning we started the caravan, but waited behind ourselves to see something of the city. We got the two lamas to act as guides and went to the temple of their big Buddha. It is an impressive figure, well carved in wood and hung with handsome draperies. The building which houses it has a stone courtyard where justice is administered,—not justice under the law as we know it at home, but the will of the King. Muli is an Oriental despotism and the divine right of kings has never been questioned.

Standing on either side of the entrance to the court were bundles of switches and paddles. The latter are about three feet long and an inch thick, with the end shaped like the blade of an oar. The wretched culprit is stripped and stretched on the ground. The man who wields the paddle must break it at the second stroke or he in turn is beaten. This does not finish the punishment, for another man with another paddle then takes his place. Often the victim dies or is crippled for life.

In this building we saw, in one tiny room so thick with smoke that we choked, a lama placidly reading his holy book and sipping buttered tea. On the ground floor they showed us a magnificent porcupine, property of the King, which rattled its quills like castanets when we touched it with our sticks.

The next temple we visited had a multitude of gods. The idols, half-seen in the gloom, suggested all the mystery and evil of the back country in the East. Some of them were carved to represent grotesque fury, their faces twisted, their open mouths fanged with huge teeth. Some had the expressionless placid look that personifies Nirvana.

The two lamas enjoyed themselves. They beat the great ceremonial drums for us and roared with laughter. They turned a big prayer-wheel to show us how it was done, chuckling as though they thought it a great joke.

After bidding them good-by we started with a lama guide on our day's march. We had arranged to spend the night at the house of the King's brother-in-law. All day we walked and rode. Toward evening we climbed a steep gorge. As we progressed the sides drew closer. We thought many hours of travel still lay before us, as we could not believe we would find the house until we had crossed the pass. Suddenly the trail bent sharply to the right and a broad valley opened up before us, nearly on the crest of the mountain. In it stood the house of the Prince. It was a three-storied building with windows shaped like triangles with the apex cut off, and was surrounded by rough wood palisades. As we approached our guide dismounted. A throng of feudal retainers trooped out, bowing and sticking out their tongues in Tibetan fashion. They took the bridles of our horses and led us over a stone-paved road toward the house. Great black dogs, as large as calves, were chained to a wall. As we passed they foamed, barked and tore at their massive fastening in a most disquieting fashion.

At the door our host met us and led us to a little room on the third floor, charmingly decorated with wall paintings and comfortably heated with a glowing brazier of coals. There he left us and in a moment servants came with trays of food. The dinner was excellent,—bowls of steaming rice, boiled bacon,

THE THREE LAMAS OF BEDUNG

T. R., JACK YOUNG, THE BROTHER-IN-LAW OF THE KING OF MULI, AND K. R.

AN IRON-LINK SUSPENSION BRIDGE

strangely fried eggs, bits of broiled chicken, and buttered tea. The last named I like, especially when hot, but it in no way suggests our tea. It is more like a soup.

Of course we had nothing but chop sticks. These did very well for Kermit and me, but Suydam has never learned to handle them. As a result we got the lion's share of the feast.

As soon as we were through we sent a message to our host, Chang Ta Li, asking him to join us at tea at 7.30. He arrived at about 6.30, for time is merely a matter of personal preference in Muli. He was a sturdily built Mongol with a cropped, deeply scarred head. He wore a round cap and a long red silk robe. He is guardian of the eastern border of Muli, Lord of the Marches, or Marquis,—for that is what that title originally meant.

We politely gave him a cigar and some cherry-brandy in a tin cup. Then we presented him with a mechanical flashlight, a collapsible travelling-chair, and a 410 shotgun with some ammunition. After that we conversed in the labored fashion necessary when interpreters are used. "How many children have you?" "Is the road good from here to the Yalung?" "What a nice house you have,—is it new?" etc. Among other things, with an ulterior motive, we greatly admired a painting of the Buddhist Wheel of Life that hung on the wall. At one time, when con-

versation seemed trickling out, I went to my bedding roll and took out photographs of my family. These interested him greatly, especially one taken some thirteen years ago of Father, my son Teddy then a baby, and me. In some vague way he had heard of Father. At last with many politenesses we parted for the night. It was long past our bedtime, fully half-past nine.

Next morning all was bustle and confusion. The dogs barked, the mules brayed, and all the natives ran hither and yon shouting. It was Chinese New Year. In honor of the day, we divided the King's gifts of dried flesh and grain among the muleteers of our pack train. Just as the caravan was getting away, Jack Young brought us news that our host wanted to see us in his room. When we got there we found not only him, but his wife, a handsome woman, and their three-year-old son, a cunning, brown, chubby little fellow.

We sat down on a divan covered with rugs and he gave us each four oranges. Then a servant brought him a flask. He picked up three cups from a table. Two were small, one nearly as large as a finger bowl. He poured them full of a liquid that looked like water. Kermit and I were not deceived. We had seen it before. When the tray was passed we firmly selected the little cups for ourselves, leaving the large one for Suydam. We were right. When our host

called for a toast, the liquid that we tasted was so strong it nearly burned our lips.

After an hour's conversation centring largely on rifles, in which he was much interested, we got up to go. Then he brought out his presents to us,—the Wheel of Life we had admired, and a handsome wave-line steel, silver-embossed sword captured by his grandfather in some long-forgotten battle with the Tibetans.

He and his three-year-old son came down to the gateway to see us off. We were really sorry to leave, and regretted that circumstances made it impossible to accept his oft-repeated invitation to stay longer with him.

The last we saw of the Lord of the Marches was just as we turned toward the pass. He was still standing, a tiny red dot, in front of his house.

Under the guidance of the genial red lama who had brought us the message from the King, we set out to overtake our caravan. We thought we should do so before noon. In this we reckoned without our host, for though a jovial individual, our lama was a poor guide and took the wrong trail. It was only by chance, and the eagle eyes of a dweller in a small stone cottage, that we were set right. He told us he had seen our pack train on the crest of a neighboring mountain. We made almost an about-face, and by a very bad path climbed down into a valley and up an-

other mountain. Finally just at nightfall we found our men camping in a pretty little hollow. The only drawback to the site was that it was dry. Its local name told the story, "One cupful of water."

The evening was brisk but not too cold. Our muleteers as usual built themselves low walls with the packs. These serve to break the force of the wind, which otherwise would whirl away their fire. Within these half-shelters they gossip and cook their tsamba and buttered tea. Each particular group has a fire and shelter of its own. When they first get to a camp they turn their animals loose to graze. Later they gather them for a feed of grain, generally Indian corn. This is done by calling them much the way a farmer's wife calls the chickens. The mules gather from all sides, dim shapes in the flickering firelight. Sometimes if the grazing has been good they are then tied up for the night. A braided horse-hair picket-line is used, to which a forefoot of each animal is fastened.

That night, as there was plenty of wood and little wind, blazing fires were started by all. The red light climbed until it lost itself among the tall trunks of the trees. The dried meat we had given the men was cooked, and every few minutes one of them would start a shrill Asiatic song with its monotonous cadences. It was very picturesque, but after we were tucked in our bedding rolls we would have gladly dispensed with the singing.

As we were getting up next morning a well-fed man in yellow rode into camp. He was the King's secretary and came with another letter asking us to change our plans and come to Kulu. He also brought a present for us, a powerful brown riding horse, looking in its winter coat rather like a moth-eaten Teddy bear. We asked our visitor to breakfast and politely explained that we did not have the time to turn aside, much though we should have liked to do so. We gave him the usual mechanical electric torch and a small pocket tool-kit and he went back quite happy to the King.

All day we travelled at high altitudes. The drifted snow lay thick in the valleys and the strength of the lead mules was taxed breaking trail through it. The hilltops were barren and wind-swept. Once we passed through a rhododendron forest where the tracks of wild animals criss-crossed the snow, but the wind had blurred them so much it was impossible to read them with accuracy.

Toward evening we picked a camp site that suited no one but our Tibetans. It was a treeless gut, fifteen thousand feet high, between two bare peaks. It was covered with snow, save where the wind sweeping through it had blown bare spots. The moment the sun sank it became very cold. We huddled around the fires that eddied and flared in the wind, showering us with sparks. One side would be cooked and the

other frozen. Finally we crawled into our bedding rolls and lay there shivering. Not so the Tibetans. They were as merry as grigs. They were only reasonably well clothed and have no blankets, but cold meant nothing to them.

Next morning we reluctantly crawled out of our eight mules and Suydam's horse. Leaving five Tiing. We had spent a restless night because of the cold and altitude, for whenever we got warm enough to drop to sleep we woke choking for lack of oxygen. Our Kashmiris had suffered from the same reason. In the shadowy half-light the muleteers came to us. A third of the mules had strayed and two of the riding horses, Suydam's and Jack Young's. Personally I did not blame them. Lying in blankets or huddling by a fire was bad enough. Standing unsheltered in the wind and driving snow must have been unbearable, even for a salted mountain mule.

We organized search parties and recovered all but eight mules and Suydam's horse. Leaving five Tibetans behind we piled our baggage on the animals we still had. Over the tops of the mountains we wound our way. The wind blew with such force it was possible to lean against it. The snow stung our faces like birdshot. Dodging the deepest drifts we broke our way. Every now and then a mule would fall in a drift or on glazed ice. All hands worked unceasingly, pounding down snow to make a trail, lift-

ing the packs off the animals which went down, driving the strayed back into line. A mule will sometimes seem to try deliberately to kill itself by leaving the trail near a precipice. Not the least useful in all this was the large black Tibetan dog belonging to one of the muleteers. I had always thought of these caravan dogs as valuable mainly for guarding the goods from thieves. This one, however, did far more. On the march he acted as a sheep-dog. If a mule lagged he snapped at its heels. If it strayed he followed it and drove it back. Bob, Son of Battle, never handled a flock with more skill.

Just at dark we made camp at a slightly lower level. We were in a rhododendron forest that had been killed by blight. Ash-white gnarled trunks and limbs were moonwashed and goblin-like against the background of snow. It was still very cold, but the trees broke the wind and it had stopped snowing. Toward ten o'clock there came the sound of singing, and after a few minutes in came the men we had left behind to find the remaining mules and Suydam's horse. From early morning to late night they had tramped over that bleak snow-swept waste, and they came in singing!

Suydam was in his bed when they arrived, but he crawled out to see his pony. He had been very downcast over its loss. It was a ridiculous little animal, piebald, with a mane as stiff as a scrubbing brush, and

a tail that nearly trailed on the ground. It was so small it seemed almost able to run along under the larger horses like a coach-dog beneath a coach. The pony was named "Mickus" because of its color. Our Kashmiris when they gave us stew called it "mickus," under the impression they were using the English word "mixed."

Getting out of bed for Suydam did not mean walking around in night-clothes. Night-clothes in climates like this are the same as day-clothes. All Kermit and I do is to take off our boots and put on another pair of socks.

Next morning when we woke we saw for the first time the splendor of the view. In the clear light of the early sun a great mountain lay before us. Its cap of snow was circled by a dense evergreen forest. At the eastern end this was broken by a huge dome-like monolith of gray rock to which the snow clung in occasional white patches.

We gathered our head men together and told them we must make a particularly good march to make up the time we had lost. Outside of our Kashmiris, the three most interesting characters in our train were Luzon, the Tibetan who handled our hired mules, Chin Tzo Lin, the Yunnanese who took charge of the animals we brought from Bhamo, and Hsuen, the Tibetan who interpreted and did odd jobs of every sort.

Luzon was a fine figure of a man. Even though he wore an odd jumble of skins and rags, the grace of his proportions was unconcealed. He was never tired. All day he strode ahead of the caravan picking the way, in his hands a rosary whose beads he was constantly telling. At his heels trotted his dog, a short-legged, long-bodied animal with black and white hair singed off one shoulder from lying too close to the fire. In the evening he superintended every detail of the care of his animals. In the morning he was first up and about. His face was battered and twisted by weather until it looked like a blackthorn. He was always happy and I rarely saw him without a smile on his face.

Chin was entirely different. He was a little fellow with a serious look on his brown face. Sometimes I wondered that a frame so slight could stand the work he did, which was prodigious. Coming from the comparatively warm climate of Yunnan, he still insisted on wearing his light blue cotton clothes and cartwheel hat, though we had given him more suitable clothes. As a compromise he wrapped his shoulders and head in a bright red blanket. At first when he had charge of the muleteers for our thirty animals he was lost, for he was no executive. He let his men malinger while he vainly tried to do the work of all. When time and hardship had thinned the ranks of our animals to ten, and the worthless drivers were gone,

he acted as general veterinary and groom of the riding horses. To him fell the task of shepherding the rear of the caravan. It was a common sight to see him trudging in herding a weak mule a couple of hours after the rest had reached camp. Practically all natives steal. I do not think Chin did. Though we had not two words in common we were all fond of him.

Hsuen was a man of varied attainments. The missionaries told us he was an evangelist, but I gravely doubt it. When we got near Muli he asked us to get him a red lama's robe to wear, which shows at least a wide religious tolerance. His interpreting was occasionally marred by the fact that we sometimes could not make him understand English. One day he asked to borrow the 410 shotgun, "To shoot birds on trail." We lent it to him and gave him some cartridges. Our confidence in him as a sportsman was rather shaken when he came to Kermit with the gun, which is of the ordinary double-barrel pattern, and asked how many cartridges he could put in. An hour or so later he brought gun and shells back, saying, "Think not shoot birds after all." Thus finished the mighty hunter.

That day we followed the beds of the streams. They were choked with snow, with not a sign of water save an occasional choked gurgle beneath the ice. At noon we reached a village,—of three huts. Here

what is called a village may have only ten people. The huts were built of rough logs, the roofs of hand-hewn board held down by rocks. On top of each roof-tree was a rod with a bit of rag attached to it and a trident at its peak. The trident is the symbol of the Trinity of God. The flag says a prayer every time the wind blows. It is known as Jong Tsen.

In Asia the idea seems to be to do your worshipping with as little trouble as possible. It is apparently the number of prayers offered that counts, not the attitude of mind of the supplicant. Quantity, not quality, is the aim. Hundreds of Buddhist texts written on scraps of paper are stuffed into metal cylinders. Sometimes these containers are fitted with handles so that a devotee may whirl them while walking. Sometimes the cylinders are as large as a hogshead and fixed on upright axles in some building. These are turned by hand like a primitive grist mill. Each turn automatically offers the prayers for the benefit of the turner, no matter what iniquity he may be planning. We saw prayer-wheels attached to water wheels to save even the slight labor of turning them by hand. Texts are carved on slabs of stone which are piled in low walls, called manes. The traveller passing by on their left receives their benediction even if he be a bandit riding on a raid. Besides these there are the flags I have mentioned, whose efficiency merely depends on a windy day.

It was still very cold, so we went into one of the houses. It consisted of one room with an open fire in the centre on a hearth surrounded by three stones set on end. Pots and pans were standing on and near it. Around it were squatted the owners and some of our escort eating tsamba and drinking buttered tea. The smoke was suffocating, the houses in Muli have no chimneys, and the inside of the room was black with the soot of years. The only attempt at decoration was a series of rough white blotches on the walls. There was a pile of blankets and skins in one corner. Suydam sat down on the edge of it and started to light his pipe. At once a man called to him. Suydam, believing it was merely an invitation to make himself more comfortable, said, "Yes, yes, I'll sit in the centre as soon as this pipe is lit." A woman rushed from the other side of the fire and a half-suffocated baby was rescued from imminent danger of being crushed to death under him.

In the afternoon we wound our way along a ridge. Toward evening we passed through a forest of spruce. The great trunks towered skyward like the columns at Karnak. Wisps of pale green moss drooped from branch and twig. The rotting trunks of fallen trees lay on either side. There was an atmosphere of primeval melancholy and loneliness.

Just at dark, after leaving the white monastery of Watto to our right, we reached the town of Reddu,

where we spent the first comfortably warm night we had known since we entered the Muli country. We took off our clothes and slept well, outside of a diversion caused by a mule knocking down our tent.

Next day we dropped five thousand feet in two hours' march and found ourselves in the valley of the Yalung. The river at this season is crossed by a ferry. In the wet season a rope bridge is used, for then it is a torrent in which no boat could live. At the ferry we found a caravan of Tibetans with furs. They came from the country northwest of Atunza. On the sand in the warm river bottom they were taking the only type of bath a Tibetan knows,—a sun bath. Some of them had let down their hair, which stood out from their heads in wiry black mops. Others had stripped to the waist and were trying to kill their vermin. They had their packs built up in the usual wall-like enclosures. Kermit and I sat down with some of them there. We showed them our rifles, which interested them very much, and bought a couple of their tsamba bowls. I also purchased a small barrel-like bottle hooped with silver for about $1.20. With great ceremony they made signs that I might also keep its contents of vile and rasping native spirits.

The ferry boats that took us over the river were each made of two medium sized logs hollowed and fastened together. The baggage was piled in the middle and the passengers sat astride it, one foot in each

log. The paddles the boatmen used were merely straight staves of wood. I doubt if there was a man there save Kermit, Suydam and me who could swim, yet no one seemed in the least afraid.

Of course the animals could not go in any such frail craft. They were herded into the river with blows and yells and made to swim. After they were in the water they were directed by the drivers on one shore throwing stones at them, while those on the other called to them. Some of the mules swam with their tails partly out of the water crooked in a bow, which made them look as if they had a handle behind. When we got over the three of us took the first bath we had had since I began this chapter. Though the air was warm the water was numbingly cold and it required more character than getting out of bed on a winter morning.

At the ferry we noticed platforms of loose rock decorated with green branches. Thinking it was an offering to some local river god I asked particulars, and was told they were there in honor of the lama who was guiding us. Metilong, the town we were approaching, was where he was born. We stopped at his family house. He had not been there for five years, during which time his father had died without his knowledge.

When we got there and turned in the gate, a number of little naked children scattered like a flock of

FERRYING ACROSS THE YALUNG RIVER

SWIMMING THE PONIES ACROSS THE YALUNG

quail. Later they became quite friendly and crowded around us with wide solemn eyes. There were a number of small goats in the courtyard. A woman gave them water by squirting it from her mouth into theirs. The people seemed a miserable lot, poor both in goods and physique. The women wore a few ornaments. Principal among these were big silver or brass earrings which dragged the lobes of their ears an inch or two out of shape.

Next day after a short march we camped under two beautiful cedar trees on a small upland meadow. They were quite by themselves. We saw hardly half a dozen in the valley. They were not like our eastern cedars but rather like those Hiram must have rafted down from Lebanon for Solomon's Temple.

Next day we started for an unnamed pass on an unnamed mountain. In a few hours, looking back, I saw Reddu not more than two miles away as the crow flies, but two days' journey for us up and down the sides of the canyon. For seven hours we climbed through pine woods, through live-oak forests, through scrub, through dried grass and finally out on the slide-rock and snow. When we reached the pass, over 17,000 feet in altitude, it was afternoon. Luzon as usual had led the way, fumbling his beads and mumbling a prayer. Two of the men, Hsuen and Chow, had quite bad attacks of mountain sickness.

At the crest was the usual pile of stones. One of

our muleteers thrust a stick in it, and another pulled from the folds of his jacket a red rag which he fastened there. It was, of course, some sort of magic, but not such as required reverence, for the man laughed and joked while doing it.

That evening after dark we reached the tiny monastery of Bedung, which is huddled in a lonely corner of these remote mountains. We were the first white men that had ever been there. The clergy were but three lamas. Passing the small gate in the stone wall that enclosed the lamassary, we saw through the black a faint glow from one dimly outlined building. We walked in and found it to be the temple. It was lit by the pale flame of candles. At the rear were the gods in a solemn row, their brilliantly colored faces and garments half concealed, half revealed. The walls and pillars were decorated with mythological scenes, dragons, strange animals, warriors on horseback. From the rafters hung silk banners. On the altars and arranged on two stands, one like a pyramid, the other like a big candelabrum, were myriads of small figures made of butter, for it was the butter festival.

At the right, seated cross-legged in a row before a low board table, were the three lamas. The two at the right and left were middle-aged men, plump and well-fed, with sparse black beards. In the centre sat a very much older man, evidently the abbot. His long red robes muffled his figure. On his head was

BEDUNG LAMASERY

KYMO PASS

ONE OF THE LAMASERIES AT MULI

a yellow peaked cap with strange triangular flaps,—but dwarfing the mystery of the temple, the grotesque colored gods and his robes, was his face. It was old and smooth of hair. He had a hawk nose. His eyes were deep sunk. Every wrinkle that showed shadowy in the soft light told of asceticism and long knowledge of power.

The three of them were conducting a service. We sat down opposite and watched. They intoned from their scriptures in a melodious monotone. The two younger read from holy books propped in front of them. The older man in the centre knew the verses by heart and chanted without the aid of the text. At intervals they would stop and blow on handsome bronze-mounted conches or engraved trumpets. Then they would clash their cymbals, and punctuate their singing with the sonorous boom of two great Tibetan drums that hung in front of them.

From time to time an acolyte would take two copper ladles full of wine from an earthen bowl, and walking to the door, throw them into the courtyard, crying meanwhile with the quavering shriek of a banshee. These were for the dead who had no relatives to care for their memory. Other acolytes fed the singers with small bowls of tsamba and cups of buttered tea, which they consumed without interrupting their devotions. In most of the services we had seen before there was a touch of levity, a suggestion that

worship was with the lips, not the mind. Here there was no hint of anything but solemn reverence.

After a half-hour we left them and went to the other side of the court where our servants had prepared supper. When we were through, we returned to the temple with three brown-colored slouch hats with colored hat-bands. These we presented to the lamas in a pause in the service.

Next morning early they returned the compliment by coming to our room. We were sleeping in the larder among sides of dried meat and bags of rice. They presented us with yak butter and eggs. We saw that our gifts were appreciated, for each of them was wearing a hat.

We went with them to the temple. There we first presented them with a knife each, and then very tactfully opened negotiations through our lama guide for a conch, a bronze trumpet, and two old wood-bound Buddhist Bibles with beautifully written texts on loose leaves, rich brown from generations of fingers greasy with buttered tea. After much talk in which we took no part, we were told that these articles were very holy, and that therefore they were very expensive. That the price was $30 Chinese,—$9 in our money,—for them all. Of course we closed. With our treasures in our hands we bade our friends good-by. In their new hats they stood in a row on the temple steps, and smiled best wishes for our journey.

A VILLAGE NEAR CHUILUNG IN THE VALLEY OF THE STONE TOWERS

THROUGH THE SNOWY UPLANDS

AB, THE WOODCHOPPER

That day we passed a small river and left the Kingdom of Muli with its strange mixture of barbarous cruelty and hospitality behind us, probably forever. Just before crossing its border we came on a solitary wood-chopper. Never in my life have I seen such a simian type. His figure was squat, with promise of enormous strength. His arms hung from his shoulders nearly to his knees. In his face there was hardly a suggestion of what we call humanity, only a sullen savagery. Kermit got off to take a picture of him. With a quick turn of his head he glanced at us, almost snarling with the furtive ferocity of a wild animal. Had we been anthropologists in search of the ape man we could have called our quest ended.

Next morning we travelled up the river valley. It was sparsely cultivated. On either side were mountains belted with woods, above which grassy slopes led to slide-rock and snow. Here we got our first news of some of the game we were seeking. A native whom we questioned said he believed there were yellow wild cows in the mountains not far away. We realized he must be speaking of takin.

On the following day we crossed a 16,000-foot pass and dropped down into a valley. For the first time we saw clusters of villages. They were very small, not more than half a dozen houses each, but compact and well built of gray stone. Each village had one or more big stone towers. Some of these

were shaped like six-pointed stars, others were square. They were mostly in ruins. The few still standing intact often had a cant like the leaning tower of Pisa, and gave a very unsafe appearance to the houses clustered beneath. Questioning the natives as to their use or origin brought little results. No one knew when they had been built. They had just "always been there." Some said they had a religious purpose, others that they were designed for defense. Of one thing I am sure, the tribesmen who live in the valley now could not have raised them.

After camping, encouraged by the news of game we had received, we sent out to the near-by towns to find a hunter. Soon three turned up. Two were partly Chinese, one a pure-bred Lolo from the back country. They squatted around the fire and we got out the portfolio of pictures. One by one they examined them. Generally in a second they would identify the animal and give us the local name, which we jotted down. When we came to the panda none had seen it. After studying it awhile they said there were bears near by (the panda looks like a bear), but that they were all either black or brown, and moreover were "sleeping" now. We had much better luck when we showed them the takin. At once they said, "Yea gnu! Yea gnu!" (Wild cow.) They told us there were very few near by but that seven days' journey away there was a mountain named Yung Shuei Tung,

"Salt-water Well," where there were many. Somehow game is always over the next divide. They said they were very fierce and often charged hunters. The trail to the mountain was so bad that no pack-animals could use it. The Lolo said he would go with us if we would promise to protect him from the Lolos near the mountain, who belonged to a hostile tribe.

Next morning after the shortest of marches we reached Chiulung, the seat of the first Chinese magistrate. It had seemed to us, when on trail, that a town with such a functionary must be quite a place. As a matter of fact it was nothing but a few ramshackle buildings, surrounded by a rectangular stone wall with towers at the four corners.

The village might be poor, but our reception made up for it. The Chinese official came out in person to welcome us. He was an active, bright little fellow with no chin at all. He told us that he had received word from the Central Government that he might expect us, and led us to a reception room, a dingy, cheerless small tank on the second floor. There he plied us with weak tea, and we plied him with numerous questions.

He was an extremely well-informed man, having been an inspector in Szechuan and kept his eyes open while he was travelling. We asked him about distances and got a wealth of information. Then we turned to the subject of game. I got out my folio

of pictures and he sent for a native hunter. For an hour we went over them,—one animal at a time. It developed that there were sambhur, serow, ghoral and musk deer in the wooded valleys near by, burrhel one or two days' journey away, and takin at the place of which the Lolo had told us. The let was that neither magistrate nor hunter had even heard of the giant panda. That decided us. We could not stop and go to the salt-well mountain. We must hold it in reserve for our return trip. Slight as our chance might be, we felt that we must make every effort to get to a country where the panda existed. All news we had, though of a very inconclusive type, pointed to the Muping district and the upper Min River.

We compromised by deciding to send the caravan half a day's march ahead while we hunted in the near-by valleys. The magistrate at once offered to help. Here it is customary to use dogs to start the forest game. He ordered the three best native hunters to get everything ready for the next morning.

Meanwhile the three of us walked to a village a short distance away, where Suydam took pictures and Kermit and I poked about. Of course the whole population turned out to see us. I suppose they had never seen a white man before. The crowd numbered about thirty. They were very evidently not racially Chinese. Their complexions were dark brown, not yellow, and their features aquiline. They were crusted

A STONE DWELLING IN THE MULI COUNTRY

PORTERS CROSSING AN IRON SUSPENSION BRIDGE

with dirt and ragged. Withal they were a cheery lot. They had the usual Tibetan form of salute we had noticed ever since Yungning—sticking out the tongue. The last time we had seen it was in Ladak, nearly four years ago and thousands of miles away. It is most disconcerting to see a man smiling in the friendliest fashion and at the same time sticking out a very large tongue. Among the people was one in particular who attracted our attention, an old, old woman, wrinkled and wizened almost beyond human semblance, who wandered around whirling a prayer wheel.

In addition to the usual ruined tower there were three temples, square, solidly built of gray stone, three stories high. The first floors were dark and filled with small lumps of dried clay, modelled like squat vases but solid. These were the cremated dead of the village and explained why we saw none of the stone graves that had covered the hillsides in Yunnan. Indeed, these temples were in a literal sense graveyards. From this dark lower room a notched beam led to the next story. There in each case we found the temple proper. Images of the gods were on an altar at one end. In only one did we find a statue of Buddha, or Song Ja, as they call him.

All three temples were dirty and shabby. Some of the statues were scattered indiscriminately over the floor. Each had, however, a number of Bud-

dhist holy books on a shelf at one side. They were big volumes, handsomely bound in stained wood and beautifully written in silver and gold wash. Everything was so ill-kept that Kermit and I thought we might be able to buy a couple of these volumes. Through our lama we offered the man we were told had them in charge $50 Chinese. He readily agreed and we had them carried to our camp.

That evening we dined with the magistrate. He had lunched with us. Dinner was served in a dark little upper room. His small son, aged eight, was one of the party and watched us with saucer-like eyes. The meal was excellent, but for some reason there was no rice and we missed it. Toward the end he presented us with some dried calf's legs, and Jack Young with a dried Tibetan pheasant, delicacies for use on the trail.

Next morning the hunters came for us. The head man was a Lolo. He wore the red turban which the tribesmen here use to distinguish them from the Chinese. His gun was as primitive as his native hills. Its barrel was a heavy tube of steel without rifling or sights. The butt was simply a curved piece of wood with no flat surface to rest against the shoulder. Of course it was a muzzle-loader. It antedated even flint-locks, for it was fired by a fuse applied to a touch-hole. Strung on a cord around his neck were a variety of appliances,—small horns for powder, a

pouch for bullets, and a flint and steel to light the fuse.

On our way to hunt we went through the village where we had bought the Buddhist books. There we found every one much excited. It seemed that the man with whom we had dealt did not own them. They belonged to the whole village. The previous evening, when the people found what had happened, they held a meeting and told the guilty man to return us the money and bring back the books, or leave the village forever. We tried our best then to buy them from the village, without success. Though they were probably rarely opened and certainly not really reverenced, they were regarded as a fetish. Of course, under the circumstances there was nothing to do but give them back, which we did with much regret.

All this took time and it was ten o'clock before we got started again. We were unable to speak any language which our hunters could understand, but with the aid of our Kashmiris, who are experts at sign language, we finally gathered that the dogs had gone ahead and were ranging the upper slopes of the mountain. We were taken to a central point from where we could go in any direction. There we sat down to wait. Time passed and nothing seemed to be happening. We sat in the sun and fidgeted. At last we turned to our books. We always carry them when hunting. Kermit read Burton's "Pilgrimage to

Mecca"; I read Dickens' "Great Expectations." At twelve we had abandoned all hope of sport and were blaming ourselves for having wasted a day.

Suddenly from nowhere two natives appeared. One of them seized my horse and led it to me. We realized game was afoot and, though we could not tell what or where, mounted and followed them. Down the steep side of the hill we scrambled at breakneck speed, over a river and up a valley. Guffer Sheikh, my Kashmiri shikari, had in some miraculous way divined where we were going and ran ahead shouting "Jaldi, Sahib!" After ten minutes fast going we came to a spot on the hillside where two villagers were standing pointing to the opposite side of the ravine. There in the scrub some two hundred or more yards away I made out a large animal, evidently a sambhur, trotting slowly uphill. At the moment I was some yards ahead of the rest. I jumped off my horse at once and wrenched my rifle from its sling. Neither Guffer Sheikh nor I could tell whether it was a buck or doe, as it was too far away to see horns with the naked eye and there was no time to use field glasses. That made but little difference, for though I wanted a stag, either would be welcome to the Museum.

My first shot was too high, as a puff of dust told us. Holding lower I hit it with my second. The sambhur fell, but was up in an instant and trotted into a clump of trees. In the next three shots I reg-

istered another hit. Then a dog appeared from the scrub and began to chivy the wounded animal. I ran into the ravine with the two shikaris to get closer and finish it. Half-way down the slope I got a clear view and did so with one shot. Then the three of us scrambled to the stream bed. Like many a clear mountain brook, its depth was deceptive and we had to strip to the waist before we could wade it. The water was snow-cold and when I got out on the far side my legs looked as if they had been parboiled.

A short climb brought us to where the deer was lying. It was a doe. A number of the local hunters were already there. They were greatly excited. We started skinning it at once and cut off some chunks of meat for the Lolos. They immediately lit a fire and after scorching, rather than broiling, the slices, ate them.

By this time some of the dogs had gathered. They were not the big, long-haired, powerful animals we had seen with the caravans, or guarding the houses, but little, lean, black pariah-like creatures. They were extraordinarily efficient nevertheless. As the skinning proceeded the hunters scooped up blood with their hands and gave it to the dogs to drink. I asked why, and was told it made them fiercer. Another incident I noticed was the Lolos taking the tear ducts for medicine, just as the Kirghiz had done in the Tian Shan mountains thousands of miles away.

As soon as the skin was off we loaded it and some of the meat on a shaggy little mountain pony. Giving the rest of the carcass to the hunters we started at once after our caravan. On the trail we met the magistrate and his little son waiting to say good-by. We had no interpreter, but bows and smiles answered the purpose. A short march brought us to our camp in an attractive valley sheltered by a splendid grove of spruce. The tents had been pitched, the fires were burning brightly, hot tea was waiting.

Our old white-bearded Kashmiri cook held my horse as I dismounted. "Salaam Sahib,—Sab chiz thikhai." Even if my kill was only a female sambhur it was a specimen the Museum wished, and the fresh meat would be welcome to all.

CHAPTER VI

ROUND AND ABOUT TATSIENLU

THERE were many signs to tell us that we had left Muli and were back in territory administered by the Chinese. In every hamlet there were a number of Chinese-appearing inhabitants and the country seemed deforested by man, in addition to the devastation caused by fire and blight.

We had secured the best maps obtainable, but we found none to be of much use. Occasionally we could identify a name recorded, but even then it was usually incorrectly located. Most names meant absolutely nothing to the natives. Probably some of them signified "I don't know" or "What did you say?" in the native dialect, for it is frequent that an unwary voyager records as a place name some such phrase with which his query has been met. The whole region would prove a very rich field for an enterprising cartographer.

At Chuilung we had to replace the few mules which we had hired at Metilong, and were obliged to make the best of the relay system. It was exceedingly inconvenient, for the changes usually occurred at irregular intervals during the course of our day's march. The transport varied in nature, pony or mule or yak.

There were a number of dogs accompanying our Likiang and Yungning caravans. They were a cheerful, amusing lot, and on the most friendly and intimate terms with their owners. It was an agreeable change from Mohammedan and Hindu countries, where contact between man and beast is usually anything but pleasant. All but one of the dogs played together continually during the march. The misanthropic member of the tribe was a smallish whitey brown nondescript belonging to Luzon. He had started from Likiang with a limp which he never shook off, but it seemed not to interfere with his progress. Lying near the camp-fire he caught fire from a spark, which we vainly hoped might have the effect of blistering to his lameness. Although most affectionate to his master he resented any familiarity on the part of his fellow canines.

The dogs in the villages were anything but friendly, sometimes they were small, at other times huge, but they were always fierce. In isolated houses a great brute was usually chained in a dark, gloomy room underneath the main floor. As far as we could learn they were always chained, and this form of existence may have accounted for their evil dispositions. Once when we were filing past a forbidding-looking stone building an unusually savage-looking black brute of Homeric proportions burst forth and bore down upon the caravan. Our dogs took refuge among

the mules, and the muleteers picked up stones. When our adversary, looking, if possible, more forbidding as he drew near, came within range one of the men let fly, grazing the animal. To our amazement the big dog squatted down uttering the most ridiculous and pathetic squeaks and moans in such a minor and plaintive key that it seemed impossible they could be issuing from his huge frame.

We were drawing close to Tatsienlu, passing through what we had hoped would prove a good hunting country. For two days we marched up a long valley, on either side of which towered great barren mountains, the whole reminding us of the Turkestan Pamirs. Enquiries failed to bring forth reports of any game other than burrhel—the so-called blue sheep, a few horns of which we saw in the villages. The inhabitants possess herds of yaks, great, powerful beasts, but however handsome, one would not be inclined to follow Hilaire Belloc's advice and commend them "as a friend for the children." In this valley for the only time we saw native tents; they were not the yourts of Central Asia, but more closely resembled the black tents of the Arabs.

Early one morning we got our first glimpse of mysterious Mount Koonka, rising high in white majesty. At Yungning, Rock had told us of his ambition to put in three or four months studying its flora, and once more we regretted the lack of time

that made it impossible for us to make a reconnaissance of its fauna. The altitude of this mighty peak is unknown, but there are those who claim that it rises more than thirty thousand feet and is the highest in the world. A geologist from Chengtu made a special expedition to establish Koonka's height, but after he had taken his observations he refused for some entirely unaccountable reason to divulge them. When any one questioned him he merely imitated the beaver and "looked unaccountably shy." Presumably some slip had occurred in his calculations and he was unwilling to dwell upon the error.

It was a bitterly cold country and only the stoutest of poshteens could withstand the wind that came sweeping down from the barren snow-covered mountains. The pass that led into the next valley was close to seventeen thousand feet high, and we dropped down three thousand feet to where the caravan encamped near a magnificent frozen waterfall.

In order to reach Tatsienlu next day Luzon told us that a night march would be necessary. He announced himself prepared to undertake it with his ten mules, and Aju likewise agreed to go on; so leaving the balance behind with Young, the three of us started out again at half-past eight. We should have had the benefit of a full moon, but the mist lay heavy, and before we had gone far the snow, which had fallen intermittently all afternoon, threatened to assume the

MT. KOONKA

LUZON'S ASSISTANTS

proportions of a blizzard. The going was abominable. In daylight and in fair weather it would not have been easy to pick one's way among the jagged boulders forming the trail, but in the dark with snow and ice coating the rocks it seemed impossible for the mules to get through whole in limb.

Luzon had two assistants; one was a smiling fine-featured young Tibetan to whom he paid a yearly salary the equivalent of less than three dollars, with clothing and food included. On one of his hands he had a sixth finger. The other man was older and had lost the greater portion of his teeth, a severe misfortune to a Tibetan muleteer who depends upon them for tightening the rawhide thongs with which the packs are secured. To see them run up beside an animal and without checking him grab the thong with their teeth and strain with all their might to draw it taut, called for both admiration and incredulous amazement. Our friend who was thus handicapped was of a mixed disposition. He always employed a great part of each march droning out Tibetan prayers, the balance he spent in hurling what must have been the most frightful invectives at his charges. One word that constantly recurred with stinging emphasis was a counterpart of the name of the Dominion to our north, with the last syllable stressed: "Canadá!"

Until midnight I followed on the heels of our pious

muleteer, really enjoying the march in spite of the difficulties of locomotion. We bivouacked for the remainder of the night in a hollow amid a grove of spruce.

Next morning we continued our way down the valley, but it was not until after three hours' marching that we came upon the first habitation. Much of the country through which we had passed since leaving Likiang was a howling wilderness. For several days at a time we would meet with no inhabitant nor see anything but the tumble-down abandoned cabin of some wood-cutter or yak herd. It was now not until we were within eight or ten miles of Tatsienlu that we came upon any signs of cultivated land. The town most unexpectedly revealed itself to us, tucked deep down in the valley at the junction of two rivers. It seemed to have changed but little since the days of Abbé Huc. He tells us that Tatsienlu means the Forge of the Arrows, a name given it because in A.D. 234 General Wu Hou, when leading his armies against the Southern Countries, sent ahead one of his lieutenants to establish an arrow forge here.

Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham, of the China Inland Mission, most hospitably took us all in, and faced with Christian resignation all the inconvenience and confusion that followed in our train, particularly when we started dividing and rearranging our grimy kit. Both of the Cunninghams are Scotch and have

spent the greater part of their lives in China. They were of inestimable help to us, and all we could hope was that it would some time be in our power to return, in a small way, some of their many kindnesses.

Cunningham had gathered three local hunters, who paraded in his compound the morning after our arrival. With them we went over the pictures of the possible game of the region. They were suspiciously glib in their responses, and unduly emphatic as to the quantity in which each of the species existed. Giant pandar and takin were those in which we were particularly interested. The former has, so far as we could learn, never been shot by a white man, and we were confident that it only existed in very small numbers, and that our chances for securing one were exceedingly remote. The hunters, however, declared that although they hibernated, as do bears, some were already up and about, and if we waited until June we would see any quantity of them. These remarks did not give us much confidence in the balance of the information, but as the hunters claimed that the country of which they spoke was only two days distant we agreed to start off with them after a day's halt in which to replenish our supplies and take care of the multitudinous caravan wants.

Takin have rarely been shot in this region. Mason Mitchell, when he was American Consul in Chungking, was the first white man to shoot takin of this

race. It was in May, 1907, that Mr. Mitchell made the expedition and secured his takin two days' travel north of Tatsienlu. He sent skins to the American Museum and to Rowland Ward in London. Mr. Ward wrote him in May, 1908, that the takin proved to be a new species and had been named in Mr. Mitchell's honor.

Since then several Europeans have shot the takin of this district and Roy Andrews has shot them in Kansu. Wallace, in his exceedingly interesting "Big Game of Western China," is able to add to his text the immeasurable advantage of excellent sketches made in the field from life studies of the Kansu takin.

Tatsienlu is the great meeting-mart of trade and travel between Tibet and this western section of China. The population amounts to about twenty thousand, of which half are Chinese, a quarter Tibetan, and the remainder either a mixture of the two or representatives of border tribes. Three or four bridges connect the transfluvial portions of the town. In most Chinese villages it is to the bridges that one must go if seeking the junk-dealers and the possibility of "finds." There the peddlers will be found squatting during the middle hours of the day with a varied assortment of odds and ends spread out before them. Old bronzes and bits of ivory, pieces of jade and ancient sets of dominoes are scattered among cheap gimcracks, glass bottles, and tin biscuit-boxes.

Tatsienlu, perhaps because of the mixed nature of its inhabitants, was an exception, and the junk-dealers lived in the depths of grimy booths, from which we extracted a few items of interest, as well as some useful sausage-like rawhide bags, smelling strongly of yak butter and tsamba, in which to carry the quantity of silver coin it was necessary to take with us.

As soon as word spread that we were interested in old things, lamas began, singly or in groups, filing into the Cunninghams' compound. From the folds of their robes they produced every sort of temple ornament and accessory, bells, drums, gongs, braziers, teapots, horns and casks for wine, pictures, robes, and cooking and eating utensils. A few of them were somewhat gruesome, such as the bowls made from human skulls and the trumpets from thigh bones. We selected such things as combined interest with a degree of bulk and weight commensurate with our transportation facilities. Bargaining of the most intricate and advanced sort lasted often all day, with many comings and goings and a great display of total lack of interest.

Suydam spent a busy morning with his moving-picture camera in the caravanserais. He was particularly interested in photographing a great pack-train of shaggy yaks; several times it seemed as if his zeal to secure just the angle or view he wished would cause him to fall a victim to the savage dogs that

were guarding the loads. From Tatsienlu the yak trains turn back, for the big beasts cannot work at any lower altitude. The market here is supplied not only with yak butter and cheese, but with yak beef, which we found to be excellent.

One evening we dined with the Magistrate. All the foreign population had been invited, consisting of Cunningham, Doctor Andrews of the Seventh Day Adventist Mission, and the French Fathers. During the afternoon we called upon Père Girandeau, dean of the colony, completing his fifty-first year of residence. As is the custom, his coffin was already built and held in readiness. These Fathers come out for life, and usually do not return to France, even on leave. The old Father was hale and strong; a most delightful type of French priest, as indeed we found each and all to be.

The mission was represented at the dinner by Fathers Valentin and Pasteur, the former of twenty-five years' residence, and the latter a last year's arrival. The single Tibetan present was the head of the Tibetan Board of Trade. His Chinese counterpart had only recently been released from solitary confinement, where the Magistrate had held him incomunicado because of his objection to the raising of a substantial levy from the Chinese merchants for magisterial purposes. Upon what grounds his release was effected we did not learn, but the greatest bon-

hommie appeared to exist between the Magistrate and his erstwhile prisoner, and they pledged each other continually in bowls of fiery rice wine.

The dinner was the customary succession of dishes of pork and duck and vegetables. The two we found best were a first course of vermicelli with condiments spread over it, and a mess of excellent Tibetan mushrooms. In one corner of the room was a divan arrayed with all the appurtenances of opium smoking. Several of the guests left the table for a pipe during the course of dinner. It is difficult to see how any great advance can be made in this part of China toward the eradication of the use of opium. In spite of edicts and proclamations the drug is everywhere in open use, and seems to be a particular curse to the wretched coolies, the greater part of whose earnings are dissipated in "black smoke."

The Magistrate we found a pleasant, intelligent man, ready to be of whatever assistance possible. From the missionaries we learned that he was a great improvement on some of his predecessors, one of whom in particular had a choleric and bloodthirsty disposition, which had caused the death of many a petty offender by the firing squad or drowning in the river. This man had had a cook, who had been with him many years, beheaded because of a conflagration in the kitchen which caused damage to the Magistrate's property. At length he was driven out, and

when last heard of was living in great poverty in Peking.

After two days devoted to having bedding rolls and boots repaired, and purchasing sugar and tea and flour, we were ready to start. Bidding good-by to our friends Luzon and Aju we loaded up a ula or corvée caravan. This system of forced transportation is much in use in this region when Magistrates or officials are travelling. Theoretically a village is obliged to supply transport gratis for a certain stage, but practically you pay them about twenty-five cents a day for an animal, or its equivalent in coolies. A confusion of yaks and donkeys and porters gathered in the compound, and in course of time our loads were assimilated. For those who can afford to hire a straight yak or mule pack train ula can scarcely be recommended, but we were glad to have the opportunity of trying it out where our destination lay sufficiently close to render impossible any considerable loss of time. During some of the marches from Chuilung our scratch caravan had been managed by women muleteers, and now more than half our porters were girls and women.

Finances caused the usual difficulty. Yunnanese half-dollars were readily accepted in the town, but twenty-cent pieces were not. The currency in general use was what was known as the Tibetan rupee; occasionally an old "John Company" rupee turned up.

YAK TRANSPORT

ONE OF OUR MULETEERS CHURNING BUTTERED TEA

A simple method was in vogue for making eight-anna pieces; the rupees were merely clipped in two bits. Shanghai dollars and silver ingots were also in circulation; the latter varied slightly, but were worth roughly fourteen rupees. Copper cash and two hundred cash pieces were used for smaller purchases. As may be imagined prices and methods for calculating them varied greatly, but it was still more difficult when leaving this polyglot centre to discover what coins would be acceptable in the smaller towns, where cosmopolitanism was not so far advanced.

Our route took us through the north Lhasa Gate. Beside it were two stone columns with heads carved upon them. They represent a sort of local Saint Christopher to whom caravans make offerings and address a prayer when starting out on a journey. Half a mile beyond the gate lies the Catholic cemetery, where the pedestrian explorer, General Pereira, is buried. Close to his grave is that of Père Davenat, who never recovered from his barbarous treatment at the hands of the lamas. He was stationed at a lonely post six or seven days' journey from Tatsienlu. During the uprising among the Lamas in 1911 he was overpowered, stripped, and tied to a post in front of a temple. Each lama on entering or leaving plucked a hair from his long beard. This happened in January and it was eleven days before Père Davenat was rescued.

It was late in the day before we got started, so were able to make but a short march to a dirty little village, where we were hospitably put up by the head man. Our trail had led up along a river. One little hamlet we passed was known for its warm sulphur springs. Some of these were roofed over, but three good-sized ones lay open to the air, and in them, in spite of the bitter cold, were crowds of men and boys. When we came back it was even colder, with a light snow falling, and this time it was evidently Ladies' Day, for the pools were filled with women and girls, not in the least abashed at bathing in Eve's costume by the roadside.

In order to develop as speedily as possible the potentialities of the valley as a game country, we arranged to split, and after tossing a coin for locations Suydam won the farthest down-stream. Accordingly at our noonday halt on the following day we left him behind in an unusually dirty stone house. All the way up the valley we inquired of each person met concerning panda and takin. Ted had taken the engravings from Milne Edwards' "Mammifères de l'Asie Centrale," and kept them in a portfolio to show them for identification purposes. The information which we drew was eminently unsatisfactory; no one had ever encountered a panda or would admit having even seen the skin of one. Takin they knew about, but said that they were a long way off, and

that the deep snow rendered them inaccessible from this valley.

To further fortify our distrust of our Tatsienlu hunters Hsuen produced a small wiry man with an ancient matchlock on his shoulders. He hailed from a district fifteen days distant, but claimed to have often hunted in this region. He said that we could find burrhel and stag and musk-deer; in another month the bear would be out too, but takin were too far away and inaccessible, and panda he had never seen.

This definitely discredited our original information, but as we were close to my destined village, we agreed that Ted should stop over with me, and that as long as we had already lost so much valuable time, we would put in a day's hunting, each taking one side of the valley in the hopes of picking up stag or burrhel. We spent a rather disconsolate evening, for we had clearly been led on a wild-goose chase in spite of the glowing accounts at Tatsienlu. All three men had claimed to have seen panda; Suydam's hunter said he had killed one, but added that he had performed this feat four or five days' march further up the valley.

It snowed during the night, so our hunters made the plea that it was not hunting weather, and that we had better stay indoors. This we overruled, and I crossed the river and started abruptly up the moun-

tainside. The newly fallen snow made a fairyland of the bush and tree-clad lower slopes, but the going was far from easy. Four hours' plodding brought us well out on top. We had seen no fresh sign, although in the old snow we came upon occasional tracks of stag.

As we were studying the country for game, we heard Ted, across the valley, shooting. I had with me the native hunter we had met on the previous day; he said that Ted was on burrhel ground, and had run into a herd. It was cold work spying out the country, and our labors went unrewarded. The only fresh tracks we came upon were those of musk-deer; aside from this we saw some pheasant and partridge, and a troop of the Tibetan eared pheasant—Crossoptilus Tibetenum—a white and gray bird the size of a small turkey. Before reaching Tatsienlu we had run into these birds and had shot some with our Springfields. They did not prove much of an addition to the pot.

I got back to the village after dark. Ted was not yet in. He had sighted burrhel shortly after starting out. A very long stalk brought him into range, and at a hundred and fifty yards he shot two fine rams of these "blue sheep." He then bagged a young male, under the impression that it was a ewe and would complete the group. He had sent in for yaks to bring in the skins and meat, but they were slow in coming out, so that he and Guffer Sheikh had already

stripped the hides off, and staggered part way down the mountain with their burdens before they met the yaks.

My Tatsienlu shikari made heavy weather of the climbing, but he was a pleasant, cheerful fellow. Ted's had proved utterly useless. Shortly after leaving camp he became ill, and announced he could go no further. Ted thereupon put him in front and poked him along. The hunter periodically fell upon his knees and prayed to be allowed to go back. Eventually he gave out completely, and was sent in for the yaks.

Jack Young had put in a busy day and had an interesting squirrel and some birds, all neatly prepared, as witness to his efforts.

There were four or five houses in the village. Each had one room which could serve as a chapel, with altar, holy books, drum and gong. We were domiciled in one such, and in another house an itinerant lama was holding a special service. Far into the night he droned out his texts, and clashed his cymbals.

Next day, the 4th of March, we turned back to Tatsienlu. I had written Suydam, telling him of our change of plans, but the messenger had been in no hurry, arriving only a few minutes ahead of us, instead of on the previous evening. Suydam had, therefore, already gone off hunting, and did not get into Tatsienlu until the following morning. His

local hunter had proved the worst of the three; Suydam had started off for a brief hunt on the afternoon we left him, and at the end of half an hour the hunter became violently sick, disappeared, and that was the last that was seen of him! In spite of this Suydam three times saw game, each time sambhur or stag, but never succeeded in getting a shot. Once he came upon what were probably fresh leopard tracks.

The messages we had sent on in advance to Tatsienlu to speed our transportation arrangements met with no better success than that to Suydam. One of them, with twenty-four hours start, arrived several hours after us. We now wished to head toward Muping, inaccessible by animal transport, so we arranged to send Jack Young and much of our kit by the main road to Yachow while we hired coolies to take our necessities with us.

In spite of the combined efforts of Cunningham and the Magistrate things moved slowly. Part of the delay we employed most satisfactorily in accepting the Andrews' invitation to use the Japanese bathtub which they had installed. The last bath I had in one was after a strenuous shooting trip in Korea. A small stove is built under the wooden tub, so that the water continues to become hotter, and instead of being driven out by increasing tepidity, one is eventually forced to choose between flight and scalding.

Further ambling through the bazaars revealed lit-

tle new. Among the delicacies for the table were deer legs, such as the Magistrates at Chuilung had given Suydam, with the sinews and remnants of meat that clung to them hanging loose in shreds. Also there were gruesome appearing monkey's paws or forearms. A number of roe deer horns in the apothecary shop interested us.

Lamas continued to appear in the Mission Compound and we bought a few odds and ends from them. I met a Tibetan in the bazaar with a skin-covered wooden wine-cask slung over his shoulder. At first he resolutely refused to sell, but some amusing and good-humored chaffing, in which all bystanders joined, induced him to part with it.

On the afternoon of the 6th of March we eventually succeeded in getting our coolies and starting down river. The fall in altitude is very noticeable. In the twenty-odd miles to Waszekow one drops better than three thousand feet, and from winter we found ourselves in early spring. The first night we spent at a filthy little roadside hostelry, where we laid our bedding rolls in the loft. The wind howled and roared all night as if it were about to uproot the house. The noise below us was continuous, and the rather pleasant smell of opium smoke soon yielded place to far less agreeable odors. Early in the morning a most appalling row started up. At first it sounded as if several women were being murdered;

then men's voices were raised in acrid anger; the babel of indescribable and shrilly demoniacal impotent Asiatic wrath rose and fell below us as we breakfasted. Through Hsuen we learned that it was a family fight between the landlord and his wife and their daughter. The last named had "not been very kind to people, she call her parents very bad words," a sort of "revolt of modern youth" in far Szechuan. The sounds of carnage had not entirely died down when we left.

The next day's marching was beneath a glorious sunny sky; the fruit trees were in bloom, and the mountain fields, heaped and fenced with the stones that had been laboriously cleared from their surfaces, showed a faint fresh green. Cactus hedges put in an appearance, and palm trees rose gracefully among the peach and plum blossoms. More than all, the lazy, indolent feeling of Spring was in the air, and after the long weeks in the high altitudes of biting cold we all felt relaxed and uninclined to effort.

The traffic which we met along the road was in the main long lines of coolies with towering loads of brick tea bound for Tibet. The loads are of impossible weights, ranging all the way up to four hundred pounds. The coolies would put to shame Kurdish hammals in Stambul. They are of all ages and both sexes, the packs graduated according to the strength of the very old and the very young. The day's march is short, rarely exceeding ten miles, but although the

PORTERS ON THE TRAIL IN THE MUPING COUNTRY

BRICK TEA BOUND FOR TIBET

FISHING IN THE MUPING RIVER

AN INHABITANT OF TENGCHWAN TAKES THE ROAD

trail here on the main road was not too bad, after it turned off across the mountains it changed radically in character, and was difficult to negotiate without any burden and with the aid of a khud stick.

The tea is packed in slender rolls of matting three and a half to four feet long; a load will measure as high as six feet, and all roadside accommodations are built with these measurements in view. Occasional stone walls along the trail are made a suitable height, and in the inns a bench of appropriate distance from the ground runs along the walls. Each coolie carries a stout stick with a crosspiece on which to rest his load at intervals and take the weight off his weary back. The shod point of the stick wears round holes in the rocks along the trail.

Thirty miles below Tatsienlu we first saw river craft, three coracles made of rawhide, one of which bobbed gracefully through the rapids with two pine logs in tow. Close to Lutingkiao we passed a large scow, perhaps used as a ferry. Near by a man stood on a rock, fishing in the rapid water. He used a section of bamboo as a reel, and would cast far out into the stream, and then by a deft movement of the wrist wind the line round and round his primitive reel. What at first we took for a fly proved to be a bit of feather used as a float. The fish were bottom feeders and a lead sinker was attached to the line. Upon the fisherman's back hung a bamboo creel.

From Lutingkiao we turned abruptly up across

the mountains. We got started at six-forty-five and plodded up-hill all morning, stopping for an hour at noon in a small mountain hamlet. Continuing our climb, no longer in the balmy air of the valley, we reached the crest of the pass at three o'clock. Along the trail were many shrines, some neglected and tumble-down, others well tended and popular. Sometimes our coolies stopped to burn a joss stick. Larger shrines were fitted with a gong so that the god's attention could be attracted before the offering was made and the prayer was said. Sometimes there were only tablets in the shrines, but more frequently there were representatives of Shang Shen, the God of the Mountains, and his wife Tu Dei, Goddess of Earth. The god was usually portrayed as an old man with a long white beard. It was difficult to understand why the fickle coolies had allowed some of the shrines to fall into decay. At one spot a most benevolent and well executed representative of the god was seated in an arm-chair with his back to the path, the rotted rafters of his shrine tumbling about his ears.

Over the top of the pass billowed a cold thick mist, which soon shut from sight everything beyond the radius of ten feet. The trail was deep in snow, and the rocks were coated in ice. A woman and a man had started from Lutingkiao with us. The former was a cheerful, pleasant looking personage who plodded along the trail unconcernedly. The latter, a

young official, rode on a coolie's back whenever the going permitted. He arrived at the top of the pass with his head drooped over the coolie's, and his arms dangling over the coolie's shoulders. Among the Nhambiquara Indians in South America it was the custom to carry their pet monkeys on their heads. At first sight it looked as if they were wearing a cap of monkey skin, and the effect was startling when the monkey with a sudden movement raised its head. The coolie-back official reminded me forcibly of Nhambiquara land.

We had started from Lutingkiao at an altitude of four thousand eight hundred feet, the top of the pass was ten thousand one hundred feet, and we dropped again to six thousand four hundred feet for our night's lodging. As we descended the mist changed to a persistent rain which soon drenched us. Our path lay down a narrow gorge, with the glimmer of frozen waterfalls on either side. Darkness found us stumbling about among the rocks. Suydam and I were with one competent coolie. At a mountain hut he got a bamboo torch, which lighted us well until the rain extinguished it. Thereafter, until we reached the rambling cabin that was our destination, we from time to time got a new torch to help us on, and the balance of the distance found our way by feel and fall. It was quarter-past nine before the tail of the caravan arrived.

Next morning we were off at seven-thirty, and made a raw, bleak march down the valley. In the village we saw an ancient takin skin and at our night's halt we found an old man who said he had hunted five years before, beyond Muping, and had shot takin and trapped a panda in a pitfall. He said that he had the skin of the latter in his house, a day's march distant. We agreed to purchase it if he would bring it to Tienchuan for us. His accounts sounded fairly authentic. He insisted that the panda did not hibernate, thus supporting Pereira's report and contradicting that of Ernest Wilson. We were inclined to give credence to this report, for our informant was careful to point out in contradistinction that the black bear did sleep.

Ted bought a long brown animal that he saw a man skinning in a house near which we passed. It looked to be something in the nature of the honey badger or ratel of Africa. Ted finished the skinning at the night's halt.

Next morning we awoke to sleet and snow, and the head man came in to report bandits ahead and ask permission to lie over a day. On the previous day we had passed an outlying house burned down by raiders a week or ten days past. Our futoh explained that the trail turned off from the river and climbed over a snowy and well-forested mountain, joining the river again as it emerged from a gorge. Three men

who had started with an early caravan had come trailing back to say that they had been attacked and fired at near the top of the pass.

We took our two spare rifles out and armed our shikarries, trusting that they would in case of need live up to the expectations of one of the missionaries' wives, who had said she "supposed that hunting was difficult, but that our shikarries must be very good shots, and could secure the game for us." The flip of a coin put Ted and Suydam at the head of the column, while I brought up the rear. Hsuen, who since his adventures with the 410 had been known as the Wildgrave, announced that he did not wish to kill a bandit, but that he was not afraid, for if he were killed, being a Christian, he would go home to Heaven. Three members of the local militia accompanied us, and acquitted themselves well. As we toiled along through the snow on our fifteen hundred foot climb, they kept darting ahead reconnoitring. Twice they fired shots at what they reported to be the forms of robbers.

The newly fallen snow weighing down pine and larch was as lovely as it always is, but the descent to the river was trying in the extreme. The laden porters fell far less often than we did; Suydam took one particularly disagreeable header, filling his rifle with mud. Leaving out the night marches, I saw but five falls on the part of our coolies.

Upon reaching the village on the river bank we learned that the head man of our last night's halt had sent ahead to ask that militia be sent to meet us at the head of the pass. Five men had been despatched. They had fallen in with the bandits, twenty in number, and had been carried off by them, rifles and all. Unfortunately it was beyond our power to do anything to remedy the situation.

The valley now opened, and cultivated fields and gardens stretched out on either bank. The small isolated fields of tea bushes became more numerous, and the tall yellow mustard converted whole hillsides into "fields of the cloth of gold." Fruit trees, apricot, plum, and cherry, were in bloom, and graced the courtyards of an ancient temple by which we passed. In former days it must have been a popular place of pilgrimage, now it was falling into decay.

The great lichened stones withstood the inroads of time and weather more successfully than the rafters and columns of the buildings. A veritable galaxy of gods stood in rows about the walls. Between the feet of the principal deity in the centre temple, stood the wooden image of a dog, a wistful, homelike canine, that gave a very human feeling to the assemblage of strange gods and goddesses.

There are coal mines in this valley; sometimes we saw coal in use as fuel, and often we met women carrying basket loads on their backs. In strong contrast

to Yunnan, we here saw no women with bound feet. Rope bridges were in constant use for crossing the stream. A heavy bamboo or grass cable was stretched across, with a smaller rope strung along it through bamboo rings. The passenger seated himself astride a crosspiece of wood, which was attached by a stout cord to a concave bit of tree trunk, five or six inches in length. This piece of wood slid along the cable as the man pulled himself across by the rope line. Coolies were at work rafting pine trees and clearing log jams, lightening their labors with shanty choruses.

In the stream I saw wild cormorants, here apparently not in use for fishing as they are in more settled parts of China. Ted saw some ducks, among which he thought that he distinguished that excessively rare bird, the wild mandarin.

On the twelfth we reached Tienchuan, a large rambling town, where we put up at the native Baptist Mission. Foreigners must be an unusual sight, for the universal curiosity of China we here found raised to the *n*th power. Swarms surrounded us if we poked our noses out of our room, and the paper windows were changed to sieves by the fingers that were stuck through them to produce peepholes to secure a view of the strange bearded people eating or reading or undressing.

It seemed incongruous to find such a large town having no connections with the outside world either

by land or water. Everything that was brought in or taken out travelled on man's back. As we wandered through the long crowded streets we saw no four-footed beasts of burden, and in none of the shops were there pack saddles or horseshoes or anything that has to do with caravan trade, and which one is accustomed to see in all villages, however small.

Tienchuan means Complete Heaven, but to Occidental eyes, at any rate, there was much to belie the name. As in so many of the crowded Chinese towns dire poverty stared you in the face and the halt, the maimed, and the blind were omnipresent. There was less goitre than in many other places, but it here seemed to take a particularly aggravated form; fearful diseases were perambulating the streets, and a dead boy lay stretched out near a temple gate with the flies on his eyelids. There is no need to mention the smells.

Instead of consisting of a single long street, there were several other large streets and many branching alleys. Intricately carved arches spanned the roads, and more than one spacious temple courtyard, with a glimpse of tall trees and stone balustrades, invited the passer-by to enter. In the small shrines at the street turnings the faces of the gods had been smeared with opium, to which stuck the feathers of the chickens that had been sacrificed.

Our next day's march was to be very long. On engaging the porters we had asked the futoh or head man how long it would take us to reach Muping if we travelled fast. He replied ten days, and we then offered substantial baksheesh to him and to each coolie for every day saved. This caused the futoh to work out a revised schedule, reducing the marches to eight. We paid this caravan for the weight carried, so much per pound, a most satisfactory method that I have rarely seen in use. It does not then concern one how many men are employed or how the loads are divided. The head man works it out so that those carrying the heaviest weights receive the most money, and when loads are exchanged on trail it is all taken into consideration.

We got under way early, our trail leading through the China of the illustrations from the books of the early missionaries, or the old-fashioned school geography,—a broken countryside whose hills were terraced with paddy fields and planted from top to bottom with tea and grain. Weaving about among them the ancient footpath threaded its way. Busy men and women toiled in the fields. Occasionally a temple crowned a knoll, embowered in tall shade trees. Farmhouses dotted the hollows. Near one, amid much beating of gongs and loud singing, a funeral was taking place.

Our noonday halt was in an old millhouse where

they were grinding cornmeal between enormous mill stones. Spring was in the valley, and not only were the fruit trees in bloom, but wild flowers bedecked the grassy sides of the trail.

In the afternoon we climbed up a steep hill, and embarked upon an abrupt descent over slippery stones embedded in deep mud in which we all of us more than once found ourselves floundering. Darkness fell before we reached the bottom and it was not until another hour had passed that we entered the long single street of Lingkwan. The scene might have been the original of a Japanese color print. At the entrance to the town we passed four or five smithies with the clang of hammers upon molten iron and the sparks flaring like brilliant fireflies in the darkness. The street was lit with a long row of paper lanterns, casting in dim relief the entrance to shop and residence.

The inn where we took refuge was neither spacious nor clean, but after the long day's tramp we wanted only sufficient space in which to lay our bedding rolls. Late as it was, an inquisitive crowd gathered and it was not until we had plunged the room in darkness that a shuffling of feet outside the windows and from behind the cracks in the wall announced that our spectators were dispersing.

Next day brought us to Muping. The coolies were a weary lot, but only one stayed behind, a weedy little

man who seemed to suffer more than the rest from the effects of opium smoking. Apparently all used the drug to a greater or less degree. After a long march, much of which led through a narrow gorge from the rocky sides of which the path was built out on worn and broken logs, we reached the little town of Muping, from which we planned to initiate our hunt for panda and takin.

CHAPTER VII

PÈRE DAVID'S COUNTRY

"And the Gods of the east made mouths at me."—Kipling.

Muping was one of those strange little semi-independent feudal kingdoms that fringe Tibet. From time immemorial it had owed some shadowy allegiance to whomever might be its nearest powerful neighbor. Close as it is to Chengtu, which has been a great Chinese city since long before the days of the three kingdoms, it is remarkable that it retained its individuality so long. Its annals are a continuous record of struggles against outside aggression. The curtain dropped on the drama only last summer. The ruling family was Tibetan. The last prince died some years ago, leaving a wife and one daughter. A match was arranged with a prince of the Chalu family of Tatsienlu, who came to Muping. About a year ago he was killed, either by his own vassals or the Chinese,—reports differ. To-day there is a Chinese magistrate in Muping, and all that remains of its tribal chieftains are three women living in poverty and seclusion.

Meanwhile the Chinese people who, rather than

their rulers, are the real invaders, have seeped into the country. They have intermarried with the natives. Now the larger towns are mainly Chinese, and even the smaller are composed almost entirely of a mixed race. The pure-blood tribesmen are found only in the fastnesses of the mountains.

The magistrate at Muping was a genial old fellow. The evening we arrived we sent him our letters, accompanied by gifts of a turquoise ring and a fountain pen. The response was immediate. Our envoy Hswen returned to report that the magistrate was following hard on his heels to pay us a call. We were in the Chinese Christian Mission. When he arrived we showed him into a room where we had set up our roorkie chairs, and gave him a cup of tea, some fig newtons, a glass of blackberry brandy, and a mechanical flashlight. Then we developed our wishes. He was as kind as could be; he knew of takin and panda, and told us he would be glad to help us get native hunters. He was not very encouraging about the panda, saying that it was shot only rarely. We asked if we could see a skin but were told there were none in town. He agreed, however, to send to the outlying villages and try to get one.

He showed the most astonishing lack of information in unexpected ways. He said he did not know the name of the river that flowed by the town, explaining that he had only been here "one year." We

parted with much ceremony and good feeling, to meet at lunch at his yamen the next afternoon.

Our day of rest was delightful. We had what our Kashmiri servants call a "Europe morning," lying abed till seven. Then a rather slimy small wooden tub was produced and we soaped off what our old Irish nurse used to call "the biggest of the dirt,"—that is to say Kermit and I did. By the time Suydam started his bath a buzzing crowd of little boys had gathered to watch, so he modestly retired to the dank cellar-like inner room.

A half-hour's stroll in the warm sun took us, and an escort of 80 per cent of the population, from one end of the town to the other. There were the remains of past glories in the shape of a tumbled stone lamassary,—now the soldiers' barracks,—an old fort crowning a near-by hill, and the ruined footings of what had been the king's palace, with two big stone lions guarding the entrance. We stopped at the largest temple in town. It was Chinese. On each side of the court there were stall-like recesses where grouped figures represented scenes from hell. The figures were modelled in clay on a base of straw. They were rude but brightly colored and full of action. Black devils acted as jailors and torturers and were burning, dismembering, and hanging various sinners. At the far end of the court the major gods were grouped. They too were of clay, and differed in lit-

tle but size from the others. Like most Chinese temples I have seen, everything was dilapidated. One god lacked an arm, another a head. They seemed but little reverenced. The people who followed us swarmed among them, chattering and gesticulating like a crowd of children at an exhibition of waxworks. I noticed one discarded deity negligently rolled on his side beneath the seat of another. Perhaps the Chinese are discovering that these idols of theirs have feet of clay in more than one sense.

Dinner at the magistrate's was the usual affair,—rice wine, dishes of chopped meats, and greens. The guests besides ourselves were the head-man of the district where we hoped to get local hunters, the head of the local militia, and a keen-faced young fellow who commanded the regular troops. This latter soon monopolized the conversation. He asked about the number of troops in the United States Army, their rifles, their artillery, and a number of other military questions. Then he switched to more general matters. Three of his questions particularly interested me. They were: "What does the United States think of Doctor Sun Yat Sen and the Chinese republic? Will the United States be able to stop another European war? Why are Japan and England unfriendly to China?"

When the bowl of rice which finishes a Chinese feast was brought us, the magistrate presented us with

four dried birds. They were all shot in the surrounding mountains. One I recognized as the Lady Amherst pheasant. One was very large with coal-black breast, shading to iridescent blue and green on the back. One was the size of a goose with dust-brown plumage varied only by a patch of white on the rump. The last was the smallest, only the size of a Guinea hen. Its colors were particularly lovely, rich orange shot with gray. It had an orange crest. That evening the head-man arrived from the village where we were to go. He told us he had shot both panda and takin within the past four years. We arranged to go with him next day.

A pathetic incident of our day at Muping was a visit from the widow of the Tibetan prince from Tatsienlu. She came with her daughter, a girl of eleven. The woman was plain, middle-aged, and rather stupid looking. The purpose of their visit was to ask us to intercede for them with the Chengtu government. They were afraid that the government might have them executed. I am persuaded that their fear was groundless, but it was very real to them. They brought us gifts of dried meat. We gave them in return a silk scarf. On leaving us they stopped at our kitchen to beg an empty tin can from the cook.

Next morning we were packed and ready early. Of course the porters did not come. After waiting an hour I went out with Hswen to get them. We found

they were scattered all over the town, sleeping, so we sent out Chinese Paul Reveres to rouse them. When they finally did gather they were an oddly assorted lot,—"Andy Hartigan's bobbery pack." They ranged from boys not much older than my own children to men whose beards were turning white. Only about half a dozen were strong full-grown coolies. With a scandalous amount of talk and confusion the packs were sorted and made up. We started down the street in a long straggling line, with frequent halts. First they had forgotten to buy food. Then they wanted to get more opium.

When we had passed the massive stone gate matters went better. The weather was fine. With just a touch of spring in the air. The sun shone warmly. The river droned soothingly over its rocks. Tier on tier of little fields lined the sides of the hills on either side. Our path was excellent. At times it ran where galleries had been hewn in the solid rock. They were a great contrast to the flimsy platforms of poles on which we had crossed the face of similar cliffs on our way to Muping. We were told that for purposes of defense the old rulers of the kingdom made access to their country as difficult as possible, and travel within it as easy. Sometimes in these galleries we came on gaily painted gods set in niches.

Once we saw a couple of fishermen. They were using the usual bamboo poles with twisted wire guides

for the line, but they were not bait-fishing. Each man had three hooks firmly fastened by the shank to the end of his line. These, with a lead to hold them below the surface, he cast into the rapid water. With a series of sharp jerks he then tried to snag such fish as his hook might touch. Below the rapids a half-dozen more natives were throwing stones into the stream to frighten the fish into the swift water.

One of the fishermen wound his line on the simple bamboo spindle we had noticed before. The other used a small wheel fixed to the side of his rod by a wooden pin, much the same arrangement as preceded the modern reel in England. Both had large bottle-shaped creels woven of bamboo fibre. Incidentally, though very primitive in most things, they were both ultra-modern in one respect. Their hooks were barbless. From time to time they would sharpen them on a small whetstone, much the way a trout-fisher dries his fly. They had just caught a couple of fish. Both had the trig lines of good swimmers but the fleshy underhung mouths of suckers. The natives said there were no other fish in the stream.

Soon it became dark. As we stumbled along the trail there loomed a vague shape to our left which the clamor of some dogs stamped as a house. A dim light was glowing through a ramshackle door and from within came a droned chant, something like a sea-chantey, punctuated by thumps. Kermit and I

stopped and saw, in the light of a half-dozen oil-dips, four men with a big tree-trunk which they were using as a battering-ram. They were driving wedges between the ends of two heavy slabs of wood. When they saw us they stopped and smiled. We walked in and found they were operating a primitive press, with which they were squeezing out the mustard oil that is so generally used in this part of China.

We finished our march by the pale light of a crescent moon,—the caravans straggling in some time later. We stopped at the house of the hunting headman in Luchingsha. Right after our arrival he showed us a skin of the little panda,—fire-fox, as the Chinese call it because of its flaming red skin.

On the trail we had discussed the best way to enlist the active aid of this head-man. We decided, guided largely by the advice of Hsuen, to promise him, if we got a giant panda, the .38-calibre pearl-handled Colt automatic that I carried. We asked him to come to the room where we slept, and first presented him with a mechanical flashlight. Then through Hswen we broached our plan. As soon as he saw the pistol his eyes lit greedily. When I showed him how quickly it could be drawn from an armpit holster, he became more excited. In the dim light of the lanterns his lean yellow face looked as fierce as that of a Tong hatchet-man. Several times while we explained the conditions governing the gift he abruptly got up,

darted to the door, and looked through a crack to make sure no one was listening. By the time he left he had promised to get us native hunters and dogs, and to go with us himself.

He then took us into the courtyard and showed us, by the light of an oil-dip, some horns nailed on either side of the door to his house. Two pairs were takin and the others serow. He said all four animals had been shot in the country to which he was going to take us. He asked us to wait a day at his house, while he gathered the best hunting-men from the neighboring villages and make other preparation. As we crawled into our bedding rolls we felt that the prospects for good hunting were much brighter.

When we woke we saw our surroundings for the first time by daylight. We were in a small valley with rough mountains rising wall-like on every side. The house itself was a collection of buildings of brown hand-hewn lumber grouped around a flagged courtyard. The windows were of lattice-work partly covered with tattered colored paper. At the main gateway stood a wooden cage with a brown watch-dog in it. As the dog could not get out to attack robbers, and barked so continually at everything that no one paid any attention to him, it was hard to see what purpose he served. Just opposite the dog was a large manure pile like those in France, the smell of which was carried by the breeze into every corner of the buildings.

Of course we were at once established as a side-show which charged no price of admission. Crowds of curious Orientals gathered around us. Some of the time they would talk, more often they would stand in solemn silence regarding us with rapt attention while we wrote, read, or ate. Two of our most constant attendants were little boys about three years old, clothed above the waist in parti-colored rags and from there down in brown skin and dirt.

During the morning the hunters and their dogs began arriving. By afternoon some thirteen men had come, and we held a joint conference. They were a wild-looking group, mixed Chinese and Tibetan, as is most of the population of the valley. One that impressed us at once was a well-built, light-colored fellow with a small tuft of about six hairs at the point of his chin. His name was Huan. He looked bright, but I for one distrusted his ability because he chattered so much. Another was a stocky, dark-skinned man with a goitre, and an astonishingly deep voice which contrasted strangely with the shrill Oriental tones of his fellows.

Hsuen acted as spokesman for us and did excellently. We questioned them in detail about game, especially the giant panda and the takin. It developed that the panda had been shot by only three of the thirteen and these three had shot only two all told between the three of them. One had been killed ten and

the other three years ago. None of the other men had even seen the animal. We asked how they hunted it and were told with dogs,—indeed, the last one killed had been treed. Though the cold facts of the case were not encouraging, the hunters were so enthusiastic that we were infected and became more hopeful than we had been. Next we turned to takin. At first it seemed as if every man present was in the habit of going out once a week and killing a couple. Careful questioning, however, sadly reduced this until eventually we decided that not more than half had either killed or even seen the animal. Again we were informed that the only way to get it was with dogs.

We then told the natives that we wished to shoot the animals ourselves. This always surprises and grieves the jungli hunting-man. He has no particular feeling of pride in getting in the first shot. What he wants is the game. Their grief was nothing to that of the head-man. It turned out that he always hunted by proxy, and that when he had told us he had killed animals he really meant his hunters had killed them for him. It had never occurred to him that we would do otherwise. To the best of his knowledge no important men did. He had thought we would camp comfortably in a valley while the native hunters scattered over the mountains. He saw the chance of his reward diminishing, and lodged a violent protest. We were adamant, and finally issued a decree that none of the villagers with us should even carry their guns.

In order to cheer them after this dictum we turned to the subject of rewards. We promised them, in addition to their pay, double the price for which they could sell the skin of any animal we might kill. We also offered prizes in the shape of cheap field-glasses to the men who would first show us takin or panda, regardless of whether they were within range.

Next the pack of hounds, nine in all, were paraded for our inspection. They were an odd assortment. The dominant type was medium sized, black in color with trimmings of brown, and long hair. One dog, however, was a rangy brown beast, and another was black and white, which made me think he might be in danger at dusk, for those are the markings of the panda. All of the dogs showed a tendency to begin the hunt by fighting each other on the spot.

After this the men left to make ready their rations of cornmeal for the journey. We arranged to start early next day.

Everything so far had raised our spirits, and we went to bed early to get a good night's rest. In this we were reckoning without our host. Apparently it was spring-cleaning time in Muping, and spring-cleaning took the form of a religious ceremony. It being very evidently impossible to banish the dirt, they attempt at least to banish the evil spirits of winter. Three men officiated,—circuit-riding priests. Two of them clashed cymbals, the third chanted prayers. Each part of the house was visited in turn,

and the ceremony repeated. Even the kitchen and the kitchen gods came in for attention. When I finally dropped off to sleep at midnight it was to the sound of the cymbals.

The house hummed like a beehive as the preparations for starting were completed. We had cut our kit to the bone. All we took beyond food and ammunition were our bedding-rolls, with a few extra clothes stuffed in them. By this time we had been on the trail for three months, and our clothes were torn and travel-stained. Kermit's corduroy coat had been burnt by a spark from the fire, and patched in a bazaar with the brilliant yellow cloth used by the yellow lamas. Our beards had grown to formidable dimensions, and bristled out from our faces. Suydam said that Kermit and I looked like wild animals peering out of a bush. I did not realize how rough we seemed until Hsuen, on seeing me reading the Bible one day, asked in polite surprise, "Are you Christian?"

This day we were in fine fettle. It seemed that the end of our long quest was ahead. We passed a small shrine built of slabs of slate, a crude wooden image within of a tiger with a man standing on his hands on its back. We asked what it was and were told the god of hunting. We hoped he might smile on our efforts.

Soon the trail became rougher and led into a gorge. The sides that towered steeply to a dizzy height were covered with a tangle of vegetation. Ferns draped

the rocks. I counted a dozen different kinds of wild flowers,—blue, white, mauve, and pink. The only familiar face among them was the violet. Streams fell in floating mist from the cliffs. Beneath, the river roared among the boulders. Though the day was well advanced the sun had not touched our path, and the air blew coldly off the water. The whole scene was so savage and enchanted that I half-thought I heard in the tumult of the waters "woman wailing for her demon lover."

Our path led over the flimsiest of branch platforms skirting a sheer cliff with the rapids fifty feet below. It is said these are never repaired unless some one breaks through and falls into the stream.

By evening we reached a bit of partially level ground where a couple of houses formed a village. This Suydam was to make his base while Kermit and I went south into the hills. Here we spent the night. We put up our tents, for the houses were so verminous it was impossible to stay in them. There were some small patches of cultivation and two scrawny cows browsing on the hillside. The principal occupations of the natives seemed to be woodchopping and bee-keeping. Around both houses were battalions of hives made out of hollow tree-trunks, and the bees buzzed everywhere.

Next morning we went up the valley, while Suydam started for the neighboring hills with his hunters.

After we had scrambled through thick undergrowth for an hour, we came to a solitary lean-to of branches. Within was an old fellow carving solid wood ladles and scoops out of beech-wood from the hills. He told us that a few hours before while wandering in the jungle he had seen a troupe of monkeys. We knew that whatever they might be they would be either very rare or unknown. Perhaps they might be the golden monkey.

We sent the porters ahead with the kit and, taking our two Kashmiris and a couple of natives, we plunged into the forest. The undergrowth was dense,—a tangle of vines and dead wood. The slope was steep. Soon we were in a bamboo jungle where the dust from the dried leaves choked us as we gasped for breath. For better than an hour we stumbled upward without seeing a thing. Then we reached a razor-backed ridge down which we threaded our way, peering from side to side through blanket-like foliage.

It seemed an almost hopeless mission when a native suddenly shrieked with excitement and pointed toward the tree-tops. We could see nothing, but started scrambling ahead. Kermit was in front. When my eye caught motion among some branches to the right I stopped, and a second later glimpsed a yellow shape. It was impossible to get a shot with a rest, as the jungle was neck-high, so I whipped up my rifle and fired offhand. I was in luck, for the monkey fell

crashing through the branches. It was a splendid dog-ape, with a mane of long, grayish-yellow hair down its back and the most brilliant orange on its belly. It was as big as an eight-year-old child. A second later I saw another and brought it down with two shots. Then Kermit started shooting just beyond me, and for a few minutes it sounded like a miniature battle as we fired at half-seen shapes flitting through the tree-tops.

When we gathered and counted our trophies we found we had a beautiful group of nine, fine animals for mounting in the museum. What is more, they were the golden monkey, and these animals would form the only complete group in any museum in the world.

Meanwhile we had heard some firing on the slope beneath us. We were much disturbed for we had arranged to have all the natives leave their guns behind. When we reached the trail below we found that three of our hunters still had guns. Between them, and at the cost of about twelve shots, they had killed one monkey and caught a tiny new-born one. We gave them a lecture upon never shooting while with us. The little monkey we tried to keep alive, but it was too young and died within twenty-four hours.

With our game we tramped a few miles more up the valley and pitched camp on some partially level ground. All we had besides our bedding-rolls was a

very small single tent in which we could just lie side by side. The natives built themselves a shelter of branches by the side of a big boulder.

We were much encouraged by our first day. The country was as wild and remote as we could wish. Our valley was cupped by heavily wooded hills leading up to snow-covered mountains. All that worried us was that the jungle seemed very dense.

We skinned the monkeys,—work at which I am not nearly as good as Kermit. Though our Kashmiris would not eat them the native hunters did, so we gave them all the carcasses. Then we had supper. It was cooked by Hsuen. As one of our cooks had been left with Jack Young and the other with Suydam, Hsuen had volunteered to undertake the work himself. Considering the circumstances our meal was very good,—great heaping plates of rice and beans, with some rather tough, thoroughly fried chicken. Hsuen had proved better and better as the trip progressed. As an interpreter his value increased as we became able to understand and speak what passed with him for English. He was as tough as hickory and finished the longest day with no sign of fatigue. He would turn his hand to any work, and without embarrassment played the most astonishingly different rôles, for he would sit as guest with us at the magistrate's table and then a week later act as our cook.

This evening as soon as we had finished eating we

sent for the head man and the hunters. They came and squatted around the camp-fire. In the flickering light with their tattered clothes they were a wild-looking lot. Hsuen dropped his rôle of chef, resumed that of interpreter, and we started to develop our plans for next day. We wanted if possible to get our game without dogs. Conversations like this are lengthy. Kermit would say, "Hsuen, ask if they ever hunt takin without dogs." Hsuen would turn to the Chinese and then would ensue ten minutes of what seemed like the most impassioned debate. All would talk at once, their tones rising shriller and shriller. Any attempt to interrupt would be as useless as trying to dam the Mississippi in flood. Finally there would come a pause. We would be all attention for what we expected would be a long and detailed account. Hsuen would say, "Chinamen say no." The final result of an hour or more talk was that we would go still-hunting in different directions and that the dogs would be left in camp.

We both felt that if we saw a panda it would be but once. We therefore decided that if we were together we should give up our old custom of matching for the first shot, and fire if possible simultaneously. We wanted to be full partners in the first panda, should the gods permit.

Early next morning we started. My party was led by Huan, the man who had killed a panda ten years

ago. After walking a couple of miles down the valley we turned into the mountains. At once we found ourselves in the densest jungle I have ever known. It was of bamboo six to eight feet tall, interspersed with hemlock and beech. The slope was forty-five degrees. We had to climb up on hands and knees. Deadfall blocked us every few feet. The dust from the dried bamboo leaves got into our lungs and eyes. The stems and matted vines through which we had to force our way tripped and clung to us like the tentacles of an octopus. The sweat ran in streams and caked the dust. It was impossible to see twenty feet.

Soon we came on panda sign. It was old, but at least it indicated that the animal had been there. Then we came to snow and found the track of a takin.

On we toiled. We passed much deer droppings and found an old serow's horns lying on the ground. It was impossible to move quietly. We made a noise like a regiment of cavalry charging through a wheat field. We could see nothing unless we were almost able to touch it, while any animal could hear us hundreds of yards away. From time to time my headman would climb a tree and gaze over the tops of the bamboo. What he hoped from such an action I could not imagine, as no game smaller than an elephant or rhinoceros could have been seen above the tall grass. I kept hoping I was being led to some clearing where a still-hunter would have some chance of sighting game and making a stalk.

On we toiled for another couple of hours through the same country. Realizing then that we would certainly spend most of the day in this type of jungle I explained by signs that I did not want the hunters following me in single file but spread out on the flanks. I hoped if they were there they might start some animal that would run near me in its fright.

The sun was high overhead now, for it was noon. We had been going steadily for six hours. We had seen no water since early in the morning, and I had had nothing to drink since my tea at breakfast. I was parched with thirst and the handfuls of snow that I occasionally swallowed hardly helped. Higher and higher we worked until at last I caught a glimpse of an open grass slope above me.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. At this moment the native hunters motioned that it was time to turn back to camp. I told them I wanted to go to the meadow. They protested, telling me by signs we would not be able to get back if we did. I was firm. It was the first place I had seen all day from where I could get any view. We pushed ahead and reached it a little before four. I was much disappointed for not only could I see no animals, though I searched the open places carefully, but I could find no tracks anywhere. Very much discouraged I turned toward camp. It was as rough a road as I have ever travelled. When we finally got off the mountain slope we

struck the bed of a stream coated with ice and choked with boulders. I had worn shoes with crêpe-rubber soles in order to walk softly. Every step I slipped. Every three steps I fell. We hurried as fast as we could, but it soon became dusk. My Kashmiri shikari, Gaffar Sheikh, was completely done in, and long before had given my rifle to a native hunter to carry, who took a header and bent the rear sight.

The moon was up when I saw the camp-fire twinkling. Of all welcome sights that I have seen, none was ever more welcome. Altogether it was the hardest day's hunting I had ever spent. Kermit, who had got back before me, had had much the same sort of time. We at once agreed that still-hunting in that country was impossible, and that next day we would go out with the dogs.

The following morning we started off together with all the dogs and all the natives. We went to another place which differed merely in its location from those we had travelled the day before. Each hunter led his dog. Why those animals survived I do not see. They were dragged through the undergrowth as a plough is dragged through a furrow. I am sure that two or three times, by disentangling its hind legs from the clinging vines, I saved the dog just in front of me from being pulled in two. We soon came on panda sign in abundance, but all of it old. We found where one had furrowed the trunks of trees with its

claws. We even found some coarse white hair caught in the bark of a hollow tree where one had slept.

At this moment the dogs were loosed and disappeared. We expected every moment to hear them pick up a trail. We did not. Occasionally we would hear a yelp, but it was generally one dog fighting another. All day long we scrambled up over the hillsides. As one of the two pandas killed by our hunters had been found in a tree, our men studied carefully every tree that might by any chance be strong enough to hold the animal. Dusk was falling when we reached camp.

We were both much discouraged and, after they had had something to eat, called the natives together for another conference. As we were sure we had seen reasonably fresh panda sign we wished to know why the dogs had not run his trail. To our surprise we were told the dogs would not trail a panda. Apparently it was simply a case of coming on it by chance, and then if the panda became frightened before the dogs it might climb a tree.

This discouraged us a good deal. We asked more questions. Huan came forward with the suggestion that the panda he had killed ten years before had come near his camp after he had been cooking pig's bones. He asked permission to send for some. Of course such a theory was the rankest folly, but it is always unwise to discourage natives when their sug-

gestions are harmless. We told him to get the bones.

It then developed that we had hunted on a "bad day,"—a day the hunting gods did not like. We found there was a trilogy of them. Uru Chang Yeh, the bareback rider on the tiger, was the most important. His second in command was Gao Chang Ta War, about whom we could find out little. The third was not a god, but a demi-god, a man who "died long while ago." He was called Low Yih Wen, the king of the lofty mountains, and Orpheus-like, could call the animals from their hiding places.

It was feared that these gods might not be well disposed toward us. A small temporary altar had been built by the men's camp, and they were offering a hen. We said we would be glad to pay for the hen, or for a small goat or pig. We were told that the gods did not like pigs or goats, but that hens were acceptable. Incidentally the gods are not wasteful, for the chicken, after being killed in their honor, is eaten by their votaries.

We were told that the dogs trailed takin, even if they would not trail panda, so we told the natives that next day we would make that animal our main objective. Again we started off with all the men and dogs. The day was merely a repetition of the days before. Never had I seen stiffer jungle. My stout Fox puttees were torn to rags. Again we saw panda sign. Once we came to fairly fresh takin tracks by a

small muddy spring. We were puzzled when the dogs paid no attention to them. Evening found us back in camp, tired and discouraged. A note from Suydam told us that he was having the same experience. When we asked why the dogs did not trail, we were told they only did so "in the early morning and evening."

As the only value of the dogs was to trail, we left them and nearly all of the natives behind and spent next day trying to still-hunt. It was impossible. Do what we could it was impossible. Once we sent Mukta Loom, one of our trained shikaris, to look at a hollow tree near by. Going as carefully as he could he made a terrific noise. What was more, though we were standing on a tree-trunk we could not see him after he had gone twenty feet away. In a vain attempt to get where we could see something, we scrambled to above the tree line. There in the coarse grass we found no game trails, and though we searched the surrounding country with our field-glasses we saw no sign of animals.

The Kashmiris suggested that they spend the night there and watch the country in the early morning. If the game ever did come into the clearings to feed, that would be the time. If they did not, it would be pretty conclusive proof that game rarely if ever left the jungles, for both shikaris were trained men with high-power binoculars.

It was long after dark when we stumbled into

camp, and slept the heavy sleep of thorough exhaustion.

The Kashmiris, when they came down next day, said they had not seen a thing. By this time our hopes had sunk very low. For a couple of days more we hunted with men and dogs for panda. Each day was a repetition of the former,—ceaseless struggling through dense jungle, without hearing or seeing anything, until we felt that the panda resembled the "snark" more than any living animal. The hunter who had gone for the pig's bones returned with them. They were cooked with much ceremony and of course no results. We made up our minds that to stay longer would be a waste of time, and that it would be better for us to go to the Lolo country where we had heard there were takin.

Before we definitely decided to go, however, we had the head-man and all the hunters assembled again. We thought possibly we might hear of some other place near by where we would at least have a fighting chance. Careful questioning brought forth nothing. All country was the same. Only three men among the thirteen native professional hunters had ever shot panda. The rest had never even seen one. No one they knew had shot panda. More illuminating still, we found what had been concealed from us,—we found that the takin was only shot in winter when the deep snow made it possible by trailing to overtake it.

My opinion is that the giant panda is not very scarce in the Muping country. In the valleys we were hunting there may be four or five. But, on account of its habits and the nature of the country, it is the merest luck for a man to get a shot at one.

Of course this does not mean that some one might not go there and kill one on his first day, but that same man might also hunt steadily for years without seeing one. It would be possible to get them with a well-trained pack of bear-hounds, but no dogs we saw or heard of in the country are competent. The pack would have to be brought from the United States.

Personally I am sure the panda is not a bear. It does not hibernate in Muping, whereas the black bear does. All testimony of the natives was to this effect, and our own observations confirmed what they said. We hunted in March when the bear was sleeping. At least three times we saw traces of panda not many hours old. Besides these we saw quantities of signs ranging from a month to a few days in age. It is possible the panda may hibernate in other places, but I do not believe it likely. I think the mistake made in this respect by certain authors is due to the fact that natives whom they have asked have mistaken the animal. At Tatsienlu the hunters brought us a red bearskin saying it was panda.

The Chinese name for the panda is Bei Shung, or

white bear. It lives in Muping in the dense bamboo jungles on the steep hillside. We could not find, from questioning the natives or from the signs, that it ever left them. Its diet is in main bamboo, but as it does not hibernate it cannot confine itself simply to the new shoots as some state. The droppings we examined, which were numerous, were oval and from four to seven inches in length and two to three inches thick. They were composed, as far as we could see, of bamboo leaves and stalks only slightly digested. It sleeps in hollow trees or beds down in the bamboo, evidently turning around like a dog for the stalks were twisted into the semblance of a nest. We found a number of places of this kind with panda hairs attached to branches and twigs. It has, as I have said, the bear's habit of measuring itself against a tree and scoring the bark with its claws. The natives testified that it climbed trees. They also said that it went singly except for mother and young, or in spring, when the male and female are supposed to stay together but a few days. At this latter time it is said to roar, but we never heard it.

So much for the panda. It was with regret we turned our backs on it. May the fates give us the chance to match our wits against it again before the windows be darkened. Once having made up our minds we acted quickly, for we wished to get to the Lolo country as rapidly as possible. We sent a note

to Suydam telling him of our plans, and arranged to break camp early next morning for a double march to Luchinsha.

We had hunted for six days as hard as we could from daylight to dark. We had had fourteen native hunters with us, besides our trained Kashmiri shikaris. During the entire time not one of the party had seen a wild animal of any sort. Our disappointment was tempered by the fact that a runner came in from Yachow bringing cables,—the first news I had of my family for more than three months. Even at that it was not all it may seem. It takes a cross between Sergeant Cuff and Le Clerc to decipher an English telegram sent over Chinese lines. The following is an exact copy of one I received at this time:

"State Chenry Stimson Treasury melmon wsa assd justice william Mitchell mines sota pestmaster Welter browa navy Charles francis Adsmo Massachus Ctts interior ray Wilbur agriculture Cyde Missouri Lalar davis Commecr nnawnon Ced."

The translation is this: "State Henry Stimson Treasury Mellon War Good Justice William Mitchell Minnesota Postmaster Walter Brown Navy Charles Francis Adams Massachusetts Interior Ray Wilbur Agriculture Hyde Missouri Labor Davis Commerce unannounced." It was the news of President Hoover's new Cabinet.

When we arrived at Luchinsha we found Jack

Young waiting for us. We had sent ahead for porters to take us to Yachow, and had told the head-man that if he would get good men we would give him the pistol, even though he had not got us a shot at either takin or panda. All evening we spent paying off hunters and rearranging our kit. The head-man as an appreciation of our presents brought us as a gift the skin of one of the two panda shot by his men, and also a takin and black bearskin.

Next morning we were on the road again, retracing our steps to Muping. It was astonishing what a difference the eight days that had passed made in the valley. When we had trekked up spring was hesitating on the threshold. Now it had flooded in. The trees were in leaf. Insects droned over the grain fields. Butterflies hovered over the flowers that had miraculously sprung into being where but a few days before there was little hint of their advent. Our heavy woollen clothes were a burden and we thought longingly of our cool shorts in our boxes at Yachow.

When we arrived at Muping the friendly little Magistrate came around to call. While we were away he had sent messages to the headmen of the various villages asking for panda skins for us. As a result we got two, one shot ten, the other two years before.

Next morning as we passed out of Muli we came to a temple of the old régime which I had noticed on the way up. As I wandered through it I saw in a

corner a couple of beautifully carved wooden gods. It occurred to me I might be able to buy them as they looked neglected. I called Hsuen and told him what I wanted. At once he assumed an owl-like look of solemnity and called the head man of our caravan, who was Huan, our ex-hunter. Together they chattered in a corner and then both went to see the priest. In a short time they were back and whispered to me that I could have them at a cost of three dollars, which I paid. Then, with as much stealth as if they were robbers, they packed them in a basket. Next Huan stripped to the waist and wrapped his blue cotton coat around the basket so that no one could see them. I asked Hsuen why, and he replied enigmatically, "Perhaps trouble." Of course there was no trouble. When our Kashmiri servants saw them they were much interested. "Kali Bhutnis" they called them, or "Black female devils."

The Kashmiris are always amusing in their outlook on other nations. Being good Mohammedans they regard pig-flesh with horror. They confided to us once that one could expect nothing of a nation of Hindoos, i. e., the Chinese who ate pig. Early on this expedition they enquired for "Jori Sahib ka Kahwah,"—literally, George the Gentleman's coffee. It took some time before we realized they were asking about George Washington coffee.

The following day I went into a very large build-

ing which was called the Temple of Hell, because it showed sinners in torments. I was puzzled at first by the buzzing of a myriad of bees. Suddenly I noticed that these insects had made holes through the outer clay of the images and were hiving in the straw inside. The Chinese of this temple will find honey, not in a lion's carcass like Samson, but in the bodies of their gods. Most of the statues I had seen had their mouths smeared with some black substance so that they looked like children who had been at the treacle pot. I asked Hsuen, who was with me, what this was and found that it was opium. Devotees to the drug were giving the gods their share.

Another thing that had puzzled me was the extraordinary dilapidation of many of the deities, who lacked heads or arms like a careless child's doll. When Hsuen was questioned on this his eyes twinkled and he said, "People ask god for something. Kill chicken for him. God not do it. Break his arm off."

On the march that day we passed through country where there had been bitter fighting between bandits and the local troops. The result had been inconclusive and the hill towns were still held by the outlaws. In the towns in every prominent place placards were posted dealing with the treatment of these robbers. I had one translated and was given this Chinese bull: "All proved bandits must have their heads cut off without trial." Jack Young, when he stopped at

Yachow on the way up, saw two executed. It is a sad commentary on conditions that at the same time three high-school boys, ranging from sixteen to nineteen, were shot because they had been making speeches against the fiscal exactions of the local soldiery, levied under the guise of anticipated taxes.

When we started through this no-man's-land I was walking at the head of the column. Two shots were fired far away in the hills. The porters behind came up on me like a stampede of buffalo. It was remarkable to see the way they ran over the rough ground carrying a seventy-pound pack. Our road led through a beautiful gorge. In the river below I noticed several cormorants fishing. Just before we reached the plain one of the shikaris saw five ghoral feeding on the crest of a near-by mountain. We studied them through our glasses for a while, but they were little animals and it did not seem worth the loss of a day to stop and hunt them.

That evening we reached the city of Lushan. Now abruptly we had changed from a rough wild country to one of the earliest settled parts of China. Long before the seacoast was conquered the nation was established in eastern Szechuan. During the Chinese Age of Chivalry, the time of the three kingdoms, Szechuan played an important part. It was the last stronghold of the Han dynasty. It produced General Kuan Pu, as far as I know the only Chinese sol-

dier who has been deified. We saw many temples to him along the road. He is always represented as waving a sword. To him one tradition ascribes the naming of Tatsienlu (The Place of Making Arrows), for it was there he halted his troops on one of his campaigns.

Lushan is a very old city. A mossgrown wall surrounds it, which is supposed to have been built under the Hans and repaired under the Mings. It still serves its purpose, for we were told that not long before it helped in the repulse of bandits. The pavements are good but rutted and worn by myriads of bare feet. Beyond the town is an inscribed sandstone slab dating from the Hans.

Next day was warm and sunny. The country was just what I, as a boy, had always imagined China. Valley and hillside were cultivated. The greens of the various crops formed a patchwork of color. Enormous wooden water-wheels for irrigation were slowly turning in the river. Fruit trees were masses of blossoms. There were delicate mauve lilies blooming by the roadside. Every little while we passed memorial arches or tablets beautifully carved from red sandstone. Even in the tiny farming villages there were often delicately carved stone ornaments on either side of the doors. To add a final touch we passed a number of graceful white pagodas silhouetted against the sky.

The river broadened and turned from a turbulent mountain brook into a stream with deep still stretches. On it floated bamboo rafts and sampans. Toward the end of the march we crossed it in a heavy board scow filled with tea coolies, soldiers, farmers, and small merchants, who showed a most lively and friendly interest in us. A few lis beyond we came to the walled city of Yachow. We walked up broad well-paved streets, through the most active bazaar we had seen, until we found the Baptist Mission and Hospital, where Doctor Crook and his associates welcomed us in the most friendly of fashions. Mail and hot baths were waiting, and to travellers in strange places such a combination comes close to forming that "perfect bliss" of which the hymn speaks.

CHAPTER VIII

"HIGH, LOW, JACK, AND GAME"

Yachow proved the best and largest bazaar that we had encountered since setting out from Burma. Mr. Lovegreen, of the Baptist Mission, although now a resident of Kiating, had formerly put in a number of years at the mission here, so he kindly offered to pilot me around. Everywhere we went he was sure to encounter some acquaintance of former days. We first made some purchases for the kitchen and bought two Dietz lanterns to replace ones that had been stolen. Throughout the Orient the Dietz lantern, of New York manufacture, is everywhere in evidence, and, particularly in out of the way places, gives one a feeling of home, almost what in Portuguese would be called "saudade da terra."

Along the main street were a number of shops where opium was being distilled, and the pungent and not to be forgotten odor filled the air. It is said that the men who do this work become, from constantly inhaling the fumes, among the most enslaved addicts of the drug.

In a small grocery-store I came upon two fly-blown bottles of a French vin mousseux. They were

the only two bottles of wine in town, and how they ever found their way up along the weary stages from some ocean port remained unexplained. We, however, thoroughly appreciated their presence.

The Chinese are proverbially incorrigible gamblers. A stroll through the bazaar of any town is sure to reveal one or more games in full swing. In Likiang an old man set up his table on one of the bridges, and spread out a cloth with a set of dominoes printed on it; any one wishing to play put a coin over the domino he chose, and the old man shook three dice in a bowl. If the combination of numbers on the dice could be made to conform with those of the domino chosen, the player won the equivalent of his stake. A form of dice-throwing that I saw in Tsalo resembled our native game of craps; and the players encouraged their dice to turn up the proper numbers as eagerly and fluently as any Georgia negro.

Dominoes were much in vogue; sometimes the pieces were of buffalo horn, or of ivory, but more often they were of glazed pasteboard. The game was always played for money. Mah-jong was by no means uncommon. I first saw it played at Talifu and afterward in many towns. Usually there were stray pieces to be seen among the wares of the junk dealers. Chess was the only game I saw played without money passing hands. You did not often see a game in progress in the streets, although in Tatsien-

lu, Muping, and Yachow I watched keen contests taking place. In the last-named town I got a fine set of old ivory chessmen, of the round checquer-like type, with the names of the pieces carved upon them.

At Yachow we left with our friends at the Mission a few volumes from our library, among them Walden, Jane Eyre, The White Company, and Great Expectations—an oddly assorted group but typical of the whole. Our reading matter varied greatly in nature, and because of that filled its niche well. With a few exceptions we brought only those books that could be found in the Everyman's Library or in volumes of no greater bulk. "Revolt in the Desert" was an exception, but when we had read or reread it we found a welcome home for it with Doctor Hanna. Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," which we had in the thin-paper single-volume edition, although larger than we could have wished, was still not altogether too bulky. Well fortified with literature dealing with Arabia, we also had Burton's "Pilgrimage to Medina and Mecca." The introduction to this last had been contributed by Stanley Lane Poole, and I was amused at a lapse he made, clearly showing that he would have done better to have refreshed his memory of the text before undertaking the task. In referring to certain apocryphal accounts of Burton's adventures on the pilgrimage he brands them as impossible

because he states that Burton never carried firearms. Throughout both volumes there are many references to a particular pair of pistols which the pilgrim usually kept under his pillow at night!

Among the other volumes which we read and left behind were "Pride and Prejudice," "Sense and Sensibility," "The Moonstone," "Green Mansions," "Omoo," and "The Old Curiosity Shop." My edition, in two volumes, of Abbé Huc's "Voyage dans la Tartarie" was too old a friend and companion to discard after rereading. The volumes left behind were all bought merely to serve their purpose on the trip.

We regretted that our stay in Yachow must be so brief, but every day counted if we were to reach Indo-China in time to collect certain of the big game that we would no longer be able to obtain once the rainy season set in. We were now well down in altitude, and spring was far advanced. On either hand stretched the familiar terraced paddy fields with water buffalo ploughing through them, belly deep in liquid mud. A single small grove of plantains added a tropical touch. Long trains of coolies passed us with loads of stag horns. The antlers were coming from Tibet by way of Tatsienlu. Many were evidently pick ups that had been cast, but some had been cut from the skull. Horns are highly valued by the Chinese for medicine when they are in the velvet.

Our first march lasted until aften seven at night, for we had got off to a late start, as was invariably the case when we passed through a good-sized town, and doubly so when we had to change our caravan. Indeed it was only due to indefatigable work on Ted's part and the very efficient aid of Doctor Crook that we got off at all on the 30th.

Next day Hsuen proudly produced two small birds in a cage which he said that he had bought because they sang so pleasantly in the morning, and would awaken us with their music. The birds remaining silent, Hsuen shook the cage, when, evidently realizing what was expected of them, they burst into song.

We passed many roadside shrines and noticed that the wayfarers did not fail to kowtow in front of them, repeating a prayer the while. The Gods and Goddesses were newly furbished up; some had an entire fresh coat of paint, and offerings of grain were laid in front of them. This was all evidently due to the delay of the early rains. For this same reason we had been unable to purchase meat in Yachow, it being considered unlucky to pursue the butcher's trade while waiting for the fulfillment of these petitions.

We passed through Jungking, a bustling town built along the banks of a river. Iron mines in the close vicinity gave importance to the town and explained the quantity of forges and the roughly

fashioned pots and implements of cast iron. The main street was thronged with merchants and purchasers, and the ancient temples attested to the antiquity of the place.

The prayers for rain were answered, for it poured all night, and on the morning of April 1st it was still raining hard when we set off to climb over a ten-thousand-foot pass. Four and a half hours brought us to the summit. The rain had degenerated into a heavy Scotch mist, at times so dense that it was impossible to see further than a few yards. Snow lay on the trail, and the tea coolies bound for Tatsienlu were making heavy weather. They thronged the rude wayside hostelries which we passed from time to time.

Descending the further side we passed two palanquins halted before an inn. One only was occupied and its occupant was obviously much wrought up, but we were unable to understand his troubles until we later met him at the Magistrate's at Tsingkihsien, and learned that his companion had been plucked by bandits from the other palanquin. They had carried him and all his belongings off into their mountain haunts. All this had occurred only a few hours before we passed, so we considered ourselves fortunate. We had received no warning of bandit activities and were straggling along in the rain and mist in no very good form to protect our goods. The eager questions with which we were hailed while coming down the

trail into town, and which had been completely unintelligible to us, were now explained. We never learned what success the disconsolate Chinaman met with in retrieving his friend.

Tsingkihsien must have once been a town of considerable importance. Seen from the mountainside it resembles one of the mediæval walled towns of France. It has sadly shrunken within its walls, and even the main street, descending through the centre with steep stone steps, shows many vacant shops and houses. We were fortunate in locating a fairly clean serai, but the supreme difficulty is the finding of a room unaffected by the close proximity of primitive toilet facilities.

Hsuen sadly displayed a cage containing the corpses of his two small birds. The cold and sleet encountered in crossing the pass had proven too much for the songsters.

The main road from Yachow to Tatsienlu turned off here, striking directly north, while we continued our southerly course. Hereafter we saw no further caravans of tea coolies, but the trail was thronged with laborers and merchants. Since leaving Yachow we had met with several lots of lightly built Lolo hunting-dogs; one man with as many as a dozen on leash. We noticed that there were no bitches, but were unable to learn whether this was because the Lolos sold only dogs so that the market would con-

tinue. One of the owners told us that he was taking his batch of dogs to sell in Chengtu, the capital of Szechuan. Some of them looked only half grown, but he assured us that all were thoroughly trained for hunting.

Gates and archways are often erected as a memorial to some influential personage. Many are handsome, but one under which we passed that morning stands out far above any that I have ever seen. I was unable to learn its age, but it had unquestionably passed the century mark, and the stone had mellowed with the years. It was in perfect repair; on its graceful columns were carved in bas relief vivid scenes bucolic and martial, interwoven with allegories and histories.

The poppy fields were a mass of color, some solid white, others purple, others red, and still others a combination pink and white. Stretching out on either side of the road, and smiling in the sun, it was not easy to recall the sinister purpose hidden beneath their beauty. They had usurped the fields where corn and beans had previously thriven, and in time of scant crops they brought on famine. Even under the best of circumstances they would cause untold misery and suffering. Doctor Crook told us that many opium addicts came to him to be cured, undergoing the drastic treatment necessary. When I was looking through his hospital I heard the delirious ravings of one such

wretch. Doctor Crook hesitated to hazard even a rough guess as to the percentage of cases in which the cure proved permanent.

On April 2d we reached Fulin, a busy market-town, with more than its share of filth and smells. We lodged in a peculiarly dirty serai. We had bought a cheap European type saddle in Bhamo for the shikaries, but found that either their method of riding or something in the cut of the saddle made it peculiarly fatal to the mules' backs. It now served a good purpose, for we sent it as a much-appreciated gift to the militia officer in charge of the town. From him we hoped to secure advice and assistance, for we had here to leave the main road and turn off to Tzetati, two days distant up the Tung River.

In spite of everything, the Yachow muleteers and some replacements we here arranged for all indulged in an orgy of opium and feasting which made our morning start a difficult and dilatory affair. In the face of our representations and warnings they wished to avoid the penalties of a late start by halting at a town only twelve miles out, thereby adding a day to the usual two-days' journey to Tzetati. We forced them to go on and reached a small hamlet after dark on a rainy overcast night. The true rainy season does not commence until May, but we encountered an ominous number of itinerant umbrella repairers. These peddlers wander about the country with a

quantity of defunct umbrellas, and will either repair one of these or mend your own for you. They ply a busy trade, for the Chinaman is very partial to the use of an umbrella, and they seem as necessary a part of his equipment as they are of that of the London business man.

Next day a twenty-five-mile march took us to Tzetati. Our muleteers being accustomed only to well-travelled trails found difficulty in places which such men as Luzon or Aju would have regarded as plain sailing. The valley was well cultivated, and there were many orchards of mulberry trees, for the silk-worm plays an important part here. The pan trees were numerous, and petals of their white and yellow flowers carpeted the fields. From the nut they produce is derived one of the components that goes to make up the betel-nut chewer's equipment.

The head man at Tzetati should have been in a position to supply all the information we wished about his district, for instead of, as is usual, coming from a distant part of the province, he represented the fourth generation to be born in the town. His knowledge, however, proved scanty, and he could only tell us that if we wished to hunt takin we could probably secure better information at Tsalo, a little Chinese town on the borders of the Lolo country. The road beyond, he added, had been closed to travel for many years, because of the uncertain temper of the inhabi-

tants. He had never heard of the giant panda, and was positive that none existed in his country.

We decided to split up, Ted and I going into the Lolo country to see whether we could come across panda or takin, while Suydam and Jack took a short cut back to the main road to Ningyuan, where we agreed on a rendezvous for the 16th of the month. This would give Cutting a chance to put in four or five days hunting in what was reported to be an excellent game country.

While we were busy making the division of kit, Suydam drew from his bedding roll one of the sausage-like Tibetan money-bags we had bought in Tatsienlu. It was unusually strongly impregnated with rancid yak butter and Cutting remarked he would be glad to have it no longer in his bedding, referring in no uncertain terms to its odor. Whereupon, Hsuen, who was standing by, instantly took up the cudgels for his fatherland. "That good smell, that like my brother."

Our first day's march was to take us to Tsalo, but on the road a recurrence of the curious poisoning which I had first had in Yungchang obliged us to take time out, so we only reached a little hamlet called Sinchang. Here we were pleasantly surprised to find two French priests from the Catholic Mission at Fulin, Fathers Bocat and Flahntez. The former has spent eighteen years in China, the latter is but newly arrived. They were on a tour of inspection of their native Catholic congregations.

We had with us a flask of Benedictine which we had brought to drink with local headmen when opening relations. It was a genuine pleasure to share some of it with these French priests, to whom it could recall pleasant evenings in their far-distant France, a land which neither would in all probability revisit, for these Fathers come out to dedicate their lives to their work, and renounce all thought of ever returning.

They both gave rather depressing accounts of the Lolo country, saying that it was greatly disturbed, and that they never travelled there and did not consider it safe. One of their Chinese priests had been captured not many months since on the borderland of the very country toward which we were headed, and his rescue had only been brought about after many difficulties and much negotiating. We assured them that we would take every precaution before entering the uncertain territory. Neither could give us any encouragement about the existence of the giant panda, and one of us sadly quoted,

"Till instead of the Kalends of Greece, men said,
When Crook and his darlings come back with the head!"

We had not been long on the road before one of our mules lost his footing and went spinning down the mountainside. Fortunately he brought up in a clump of thick bushes before any serious harm had been done, and half an hour later we had him back on

the trail. By native wireless we learned that Suydam's caravan had met with a similar accident, but with a less fortunate outcome. The mule had rolled down into a stream. It was killed by the fall, but the load was salvaged. Throughout this trip we had found the "native wireless" very deficient, often learning nothing of people and events about which in Africa or Mesopotamia I would have been informed with speedy certitude by that unexplained method by which in the negro quarters in the South the results of the battles of the War of the Rebellion were known long before their masters in the Big House had heard.

"The wind from the brier-patch brought him news
That never went walking in white men's shoes
And the grapevine whispered its message faster
Than a horse could gallop across a grave,
Till, long ere the letter could tell the master,
The doomsday rabbits had told the slave."*

We passed through several Lolo hamlets, and in one of them picked a fine-looking Lolo, Mooka, as a guide. He belonged to the serf class and we had to obtain the consent of his master. Slavery is still in full force among the Lolos, but there is not the relationship between master and man that we commonly associate with the condition. Instead, there is a friendly companionship, and the sharing of food-bowl and wine-cup is often seen.

*"John Brown's Body." Benet.

At one village in which we made enquiries we met with a rather cold reception. Our questions regarding game were parried with demands to be told what were in our loads and how many rifles we had with us.

The little Chinese outpost of Tsalo lies in a fertile valley among fields of corn and wheat and poppies. The head man was busy in his fields gathering poppy pods. He was evidently an opium addict. He knew little or nothing of the country ahead, although he said he understood that takin were to be found in the neighborhood of a Lolo village a day's march distant. Of the panda he could give us no word.

We were unfortunate in our choice of a lodging, for no sooner had we crawled into our bedding rolls than we heard the moaning of several sick people, and Hsuen came in to ask if we had any medicine for small-pox. He explained that there was an epidemic in the village and that in the next and only other room there was a poor woman who had lost one child and was now caring for her baby who was down with the disease. It is indeed distressing to hear the plaints of a sick child whom one is unable to help. There are times when any traveller, called upon for help in a hopeless case, may give a harmless pill in the hopes it may cause a fictitious relief or comfort, but with a dying infant such a procedure seems only heartless. A wretched woman in the next house and separated only by a thin partition was moaning and calling out

in her delirium. The smell which drifted in from the courtyard beggared description. To add to Ted's discomforts he was suffering from the effects of bad food or water.

Altogether, when morning came we were more than ready for an early start. The Chinese headman had asked us to write him, taking any responsibility for our journey upon our own shoulders. We were afraid that to do so might cause him to pass on the word that we were any one's prey; we therefore refused, telling him that while we didn't require an escort, he might send one if he wished. Eleven militia turned up; two returned after accompanying us five or six miles, but the remainder proved a good lot, always ready to help or do any little odd job when called upon. We gave each man fifteen cents wine money a day. Just as we were leaving a man came along with a pony he wished to sell; an upstanding little bay, a four-year-old. We bought it for nine dollars.

Three hours out Hsuen, who was indefatigable in his wayside enquiries for news of game, came up in great excitement. Only last night, he said, a man had come to a house we had just passed asking the loan of a rifle to protect the beehives of his village from the raids of a beishung, or white bear, the native name for the panda. It appeared that a month ago this animal had paid a visit to the apiary, and he had wounded it. Now it had returned. Unable to bor-

row the rifle the villager had only just left to return to his house. Having been unable to secure even the vaguest news of the beast since leaving Muping, we had almost abandoned hope that there were any beishung in the country. This, therefore, certainly required looking into, and after verifying the report we made arrangements to follow up the trail.

We continued along for a couple of hours to a few houses known as Kooing Ma. We found that name usually referred to a group of hamlets scattered about within a radius of several miles. Here we got in touch with the local head man and converted suspicion into friendship through the presentation of an axe and a Homburg hat, followed up with a leisurely gossip over a glass of Benedictine. It was decided that we should leave our mules here, for porters only could negotiate the trail to the panda village. Ten villagers were drafted in to depart early in the morning.

We had gathered unto us at Tsalo a nondescript and rather shady appearing individual whom Hsuen explained to us as a "brother-man." He was really a sub species of the genus entrepreneur, so common throughout China. They live from the proceeds of acting as intermediary in dealings of every description. This particular "brother-man" was a Lolo who lived among the Chinese, and, it was suspected, added to his liaison work the distasteful post of spy. At

Kooing Ma he was on his mettle to secure information of all sorts for us, and the first bit of news he produced was to the effect that the Lolos regarded the giant panda as a supernatural being, a sort of demi-god. This was discouraging, particularly since he added that he did not believe that they would take us hunting, for he was certain that the villagers themselves never attempted to kill a panda, except in defense of their beehives, and even in that case they tried only to wound the marauder and frighten it off.

This situation was not as disheartening as it might have been, for I had already had experience among natives, who, while owing to religious scruples unwilling themselves to kill a particular animal, were ready enough to aid a foreign hunter. We determined to approach the subject cautiously and to carefully avoid offending any native sensibilities.

We were quartered in a clean native hut, filled with enormous bowls of grain. The sides were made of split bamboo and the roof was tiled with pine slabs, which failed to make it completely waterproof to the heavy rain that fell during the night. At half-past three we were awakened by a rooster that thought he had discovered daylight and would not let the matter drop. He seemed to be sharing our hut, so Ted crawled out of his blankets and after a short search announced he had found a hen in a basket sitting on some eggs. I protested that a hen could not crow,

but he disregarded my protest, and quoting the line about "crowing hens" to bear him out, he deposited the vainly complaining hen, basket and all, outside in the rain. All was quiet for a time, and then the crowing recommenced. Both of us hopped up, and our search was rewarded by discovering two roosters hidden away behind a mountainous pile of baskets. With my stick I rooted them out, while Ted directed them through the door, expediting their passage. Once more in our blankets we prepared for the few remaining hours of sleep, when a mournful but none the less loud crowing announced that the disconsolate fowls had taken refuge under the eaves within a few feet of Ted's head. There was nothing further to be done.

In the morning we gathered eleven villagers to serve as porters. Unaccustomed to the work, they could only carry very light loads, and even so would go but a short distance before sitting down for a rest and a smoke. All the Lolos we met were inveterate smokers. They hollowed pipes out of stones; some were white, others green, and many were made from a red stone which closely resembled the red pipestone used by the American Indian. I bought specimens of the different sorts, and once was the innocent cause of what threatened to be a riot. A woman had brought me a rather well-made green pipe with a brass stem; I had agreed to purchase it, when a man pounced upon it, and started haranguing the

woman. The excitement became general, each party gathering vociferous adherents. It was some time before things were sufficiently quieted down for me to learn that the man claimed that the pipe had been stolen from him. At length it was sifted down to the statement that he had lost the pipe a year ago on the trail, and the woman had found it. Finders were adjudged keepers, and the sale was concluded.

The distance from Kooing Ma to Kooing Hai is but a short one as the crow flies, but the trail wound round and about, and there were rivers to cross and steep ravines to negotiate, so that it was not until two in the afternoon that we came to the first of the group of houses that go to make up Kooing Hai. We had taken four soldiers, leaving the balance with the mules. We also had Mooka and the son of a neighboring head man.

The mountainsides were glorious with rhododendrons, varying in hue from deep purple to white. Pink was the prevailing color. In places the ground was sprinkled with a small blue member of the orchid family. Blue lilies, forget-me-nots, primroses, and a diminutive yellow flower dotted the path side. We were climbing up a valley, and as the altitude increased the crops were noticeably less advanced.

At moments it did not look as if we would meet with a friendly reception. As we reached the hamlet farthest up the valley, designated as our halting

place, the inhabitants took to the mountainside, and one man was very visible levelling a rifle at us. Our conductors succeeded in smoothing things out, but only with a good deal of difficulty, and it was not a friendly appearing delegation that dropped down to talk things over with us. I think it was the Chinese soldiers that were largely responsible for the distrust. Hsuen told us that among the Lolos we were usually taken for what he translated as "holy fathers," as they call Catholic priests. This honor was due to our beards.

Throughout the expedition we found that it was impossible to tell what sort of gift would prove a success. The knives and axes which had been a flat failure in Muping were now of the greatest service, and went a long way to clear the horizon. On the other hand, the cheap field-glasses from which we had expected much were firmly rejected. The ceremony of a glass of Benedictine stood us in good stead. The headman of the village was won over, but his tall, handsome old father did not appear to yield quite so readily to our attempted blandishments. It was evident that except in defense of their property they did not care to attack the giant panda. We verified yesterday's story of the raid on the apiary, which stood close to the headman's hut and was protected by a strong fence. It had taken place a month previous. We were also told that six years ago a beishung had

been killed during a honey raid. This was the only record they could give us of one being killed.

All afternoon and throughout the night it rained. In the morning the skies were overcast, but no rain was falling. Ten Lolo hunters with an equal number of dogs gathered outside our tent, which we had pitched close to a hut. We set out at half-past six for the mountains. A couple of hours' climbing took us up among the bamboos, and we were soon drenched to the skin and shivering with the cold. Remnants of the winter snows lay in patches. The Lolos, shrouded in the brown or black capes they weave from sheep's wool, seemed happy enough. They appeared to feel that there was a very good chance of bagging a panda, although we could not share in their optimism. As we made our way through the dense jungle along a ridge, we twice heard the dogs running something below us. In neither case did it come to anything. A halt was called and a fire was lit with much difficulty. One of the Lolos took a handful of moss into the centre of which he placed a bit of smouldering tinder. By dint of incessant blowing, undertaken in relay, a flame was eventually produced.

Several of the Lolos had kept to the valley on either side of our ridge, and we had not been warming ourselves for long before a series of unintelligible shouts informed our companions that the dogs were running a sounder of swine. We did not want to

shoot pig, but after a hurried debate we decided that it would be better for our future chances, in keeping our hunters keyed up, if we shot game for them when an opportunity arose that did not conflict with our beishung hunting. Such was very obviously the present situation, for with their dogs off after wild pig our Lolos could no longer hunt anything.

The scramble down into the valley was most precipitous; it was bad enough in the forested spots, but when we came to bare spaces it became all but impossible. Our hopes of finding the going better along the bed of the torrent were quickly dashed. The stream thought nothing of a forty-foot drop, but to clamber down the slippery perpendicular rock slides, securing a precarious toe hold in a fissure or grasping the doubtful root of some plant, proved a very different problem for us. The results of several falls entailed nothing more serious than abrasions and bruises and sprains, and we thought ourselves lucky on emerging on a native trail where the ravine débouched out into the main valley. Rain and sleet were now falling, and most of the dogs had abandoned the pursuit of the pigs. After some further futile climbing our hunters decided to call it a day, and we returned to our tent with a practical working knowledge of the country and its difficulties.

The headman had by now become definitely friendly, and we sat about the fire discussing ways

and means of securing game, drifting now and then into more general topics. Hsuen's choice of words and tournure de phrase were a constant delight and capable of cheering the most gloomy moments. The subject had as usual turned to sickness and to the medicine of which it required a constant well-balanced and calculating effort to preserve any of our small stock. Hsuen translated, "Headman say he got ghost in head. Ghost make head itch all time. Other people's head not itch, so headman know he got ghost." Ted, with great ceremony, presented a small box of cold cream, saying that if well rubbed in, it would lay the ghost. We were next told of a ghost that every January caused great mortality among the children. This was undoubtedly pneumonia, and a more difficult apparition to deal with.

The rain fell continuously all night, and several holes in the tent made it an uncomfortable residence, but there was no room in any near-by hut, so we had to make the best of it. Dawn broke cold and gray, with no pause in the rain. We thought it extremely unlikely that any Lolo would stir from his hut, but we were soon undeceived, for during the next hour no less than thirty-two men straggled in, each leading a dog on a string. The dogs were identical with those that we used in the Muping country. A good deal of rain had found its way into the tent during the night so that we were a bedraggled lot, even before start-

ing; not that it made any difference, for half an hour would have sufficed to thoroughly saturate us with mud and water.

Before setting off for the mountains our hunters "made medicine." The Lolos carve no likenesses of their gods. To cure a sick man they hold services and beat drums, or burn holes in the scapular bone of a sheep, but nowhere did we see idols of any description. Two of our hunters took sticks and whittled notches, muttering the while. As far as we could gather the main purpose was the determining of a propitious locality for the hunt. Hsuen looked sagely on. Turning to us he remarked, "They pray God," then shrugging his shoulders, "Perhaps it do good, I not know."

Aside from the fact that we burrowed our way through a different bamboo jungle along a different ridge, there was little to differentiate this day's hunting from the previous. The dogs separated and presumably hunted the valleys on either side. On each day we came across beishung sign, but in neither case did we feel that there was more than one animal indicated. From our observations we were certain that there were very few panda about, far less than in Muping. At noon we built a fire and from the folds of their cloaks the Lolos drew forth round lumps of bread liberally studded with beans. Among the hunters one old fellow particularly interested us.

He must have been in the late sixties, and was looked upon by the others as a mine of hunting lore. His counsel weighed heavily in the decisions regarding the disposition of our forces. Somewhere en route he had gathered some white fungus which he roasted in the embers, and appeared to greatly enjoy.

Once or twice the dogs picked up the trail of some animal, but they never held it for long. Aside from beishung signs of questionable age, all we saw were some musk-deer tracks, and a number of places where wild hogs had been rooting.

The result of the evening conference was a determination to put in a final hunt on the following morning, and if nothing came of it to move further on to where we had been told takin were to be found. We paid our Lolo hunters from fifteen to thirty cents a day, offering a large reward to the man who could first point out a panda, and lesser rewards to any others who should really have had a part in the successful hunt.

The villagers enriched themselves in other ways through us. We bought a sheep and eggs and some wine bowls and many stone pipes. One of the hunters had a curious bamboo musical instrument which he played by holding it against his teeth and blowing upon it, while he snapped the taut bamboo slivers with his fingers. We asked Hsuen to get us a couple, and he wagged his head and said, with a twinkle in his eye:

"That very bad thing, I tell you story some day all about it. It kill many people, oh, seven hundred." Pressed to continue, he explained: "This country, same as everywhere, Father Mother he say I got son, I find him wife. He find wife. Girl's mother, he find wife. Perhaps son see other girl he like. He play music her like this. She play music him. He say 'My Father Mother say marry girl I no like.' She say, 'My Father Mother say I marry man I no like.' He say, 'I like you. You like me?' She say, 'I like you.' He say, 'We go top big mountain.' They go top big mountain, they play music, they tie together big knot round both necks, they both hang to tree. Oh, many people, seven hundred, die. That very bad."

Our next morning's hunt was a repetition of those of the two previous days. Again we climbed a ridge. This time instead of rain and sleet we had snow, but the effect was much the same. We found no beishung sign. Ted saw a pheasant, and I caught a fleeting glimpse of a large squirrel.

We had sent Hsuen ahead with our kit to Kooing Ma, telling him to gather the mules and go on to Litzaping, a village near which we had been told that takin were to be found. We followed at the termination of our hunt, and reached Litzaping just before dark.

Four headmen gathered to greet us. We first gave each a liqueur glass of Benedictine. We then bought

some native wine which we poured into bowls that circulated among the headmen and their dependents. They were a fine, stalwart lot, and very friendly. We had heard that the Lolos were heavy drinkers, but we saw no indications of their being so. Their wine is usually made from corn. It varied greatly in quality, though none of it could really be called an agreeable beverage.

Our friends were unanimous in saying that there were very few takin about. We had heard there were many near a mountain named Tsumei Kwa. This they denied; one and all advising us to go on to Yehli, where they said there were many takin and an occasional giant panda. It was decided that we should send back the Chinese soldiers and take with us a son of each of the headmen. The Lolos said that with the soldiers accompanying us we might find ourselves in difficulties, but that without them we would be safe. Hsuen was by now thoroughly sick of the "brother-man" to whom he referred sarcastically as "our dear brother," but he was afraid he might do us harm if sent back, and for several more days we gave way to Hsuen's judgment. All of us were heartily glad when we eventually arbitrarily forced him to turn back.

On the 12th of April we set out for Yehli. A persistent rain was falling, which added to the difficulties of the trail. Our pack animals consisted of four

mules and two ponies. One of the latter missed his footing and started down the mountainside. A muleteer pluckily grabbed his head stall and went rolling over and over among the boulders until long after it had seemed impossible for him to hold on further. A most convenient dense clump of sturdy bushes prevented pony and pack from taking the final sheer plunge into the river that would have definitely ended the career of both. We were delayed half an hour in lugging the pony back to the trail.

Twice during the march a halt was called while the muleteers turned into road-builders to counteract the work of a landslide. At length the valley opened up, and we had easy going. The country became more and more lovely; giant pine trees grew beside the path, and we finally rode out onto a great mountain meadow, with a wide grassy valley, hemmed in by well-forested mountains terminating in barren snow-clad peaks. We felt that we might almost be back in the paradise of the Tian Shan.

The hamlet at which we halted formed a part of the Yehli group. The cabins were large, and the ground about them was trampled with the feet of cattle and sheep. A heavy rain was falling and a dense fog soon shrouded the valley, making most welcome the pine-wood fire in the centre of the cabin.

We started immediately on our hunting bundobust. Two self-styled experts were summoned. One

was obviously a hunter, the other gave rise to doubts. The former had shot takin, and produced a head in proof. Both said that it was not too difficult to obtain them, and both agreed that there were a few beishung about, but that it would be almost impossible to get a shot at one. So far so good. Next a unanimous opinion was volunteered to the effect that it was impossible to hunt in this weather. When asked when an improvement might be looked for, both announced that rain and sleet were in order at this time of year, and it was not possible to foretell a clearing up. This was indeed desolating, but Hsuen threw himself into the breach, bringing every argument to bear. The difficulty was increased by the absence of the headman of the valley. He had gone away on a journey, and the date of his return was uncertain. At length Hsuen made it clear that we could not await a change in weather, and all chance of a golden egg would vanish unless we were taken hunting on the morrow. Reluctantly the Lolos yielded. A new difficulty was encountered when we tried to secure four hunters so that we could separate. The hunter with the aura of doubt said that he would substitute his son for himself. He told us the boy was eighteen, but when we had him paraded he was obviously no more than twelve. After skilful sifting it developed that his sole qualification as a takin hunter lay in his having once eaten takin meat.

A shepherd brought in a very small wild pig, which he had found while tending his flocks in the hills. It was striped and spotted with white, and could not have been more than a few weeks old. It was dead, and conjured up visions of roast suckling pig at Thanksgiving dinners at Sagamore. We bought it for fifteen cents, and Hsuen's culinary efforts resulted in an undeniable success.

It was late before we had at long last straightened things out, and felt reasonably certain that four Lolos would be on hand in the morning. We then crawled up into a hay loft where we slept with the four heirs apparent of Litzaping who had come along with us as bodyguard.

Saturday, the 13th of April, dawned cold and overcast. It had snowed during the night and the floor of the valley was covered and the pine trees on the mountainsides were in conventional Christmas garb. We set off with four hunters, the takin-eating boy, and five slim black dogs. A thin misty rain set in. It was a cheerless beginning for what was destined to become our red-letter day. Four porters were to follow with our bedding rolls and those of the shikaries, for the programme called for a night or two à la belle étoile on the mountain where takin were reported.

Three or four miles took us past the clump of cabins belonging to A'Souza, the absent headman.

At an equal distance further up the valley we turned off into a ravine. It was only a short way further on that we came upon giant panda tracks in the snow. The animal had evidently passed a goodish while before the snow ceased falling, but some sign that one of the Lolos found proved to be recent enough to thoroughly arouse all four natives. We had taken our ponies to ride until we should enter the jungle or the going become too difficult, and Mooka had come along to lead them back. It was now that he rose to the occasion and reached the high water-mark of his value. The Lolos hesitated to follow the beishung both for religious scruples and because of the very definite instructions that we wished takin. We could gather that a conference was under way, but believed that it concerned ways and means only, and there is no telling what might have resulted had not Mooka, as we afterward learned, stepped into the breach and explained that above all else we wanted beishung.

This brought the conference to a close and we started off on the trail of the panda. It was not long before the dogs definitely demonstrated their utter futility. We passed some rat burrows in a small hollow. Four of our dogs lost all interest in anything beyond, and devoted their entire attention to the pursuit of the rats. The one that still remained with us trotted along at our heels baying until Ted

caught it a shrewd clip with his stick. It retreated yowling into the forest and that was the last we saw of it.

We now settled down to the steady business of tracking. Only three of the Lolos continued with us. The beishung appeared to be travelling along in leisurely fashion, browsing on the bamboos as he went. The amount of sign that he left made us realize that we had been correct in making a conservative estimate of the number of beishung inhabiting the country beyond Muping, in which we hunted. Soon we came upon a boar's tracks superimposed on those of the giant panda. This continued for a mile or more Our quarry had evidently been in no hurry. For a while he followed up the rocky bed of a torrent, then he climbed a steep slope, through a jig-saw puzzle of windfalls. The fallen logs were slippery with snow and ice. Here we could crawl through and under; there we had to climb laboriously around and over. The bamboo jungle proved a particularly unpleasant form of obstacle course, where many of the feathery tops were weighed down by snow and frozen fast in the ground. Drenched by rain and soaked by snow, whenever a moment's halt was called we alternately shivered and panted. For a few minutes the sun came out, and we were in dread that it would melt the tracks, but after a brief interval the murky clouds hid it again.

We had been following the trail for two and a half hours when we came to a more open jungle. Tall spruce trees towered their giant bulk above the bamboos. Lichen-covered alders were dotted about. An occasional blue or yellow flower poked its head up where the snow lay lighter. Here the panda had turned his attention more seriously upon provender. Under one tree he had made himself a nest of bamboos. His claw marks scored the bark, and we looked eagerly among the sturdy branches to see whether we could distinguish a black and white form crouching on a limb. His tracks led in many directions. The tough fibrous bamboos seemed to offer but an uninviting dehydrated repast at best, and to judge from the droppings they were difficult to digest. Below us in the valley we heard the dogs yawping on the trail of some animal, probably a hog. We earnestly wished them elsewhere, for we felt sure that the beishung had not gone much further before seeking some accustomed haunt to spend the sleepy daylight hours.

It was difficult to straighten out the trail. We cast first in one direction, then in another. Unexpectedly close I heard a clicking chirp. It might have been a bamboo snapping or the creaking of the interlocking branches of two trees swayed by the wind. I remembered the eager interest of the Muping hunters at hearing just such a sound. In that case the noise had really been made by trees. One of the Lolo

hunters was now close to Mokhta Lone and me. Noiselessly he darted forward. He had not got forty yards before he turned back to eagerly motion to us to hurry.

As I gained his side he pointed to a giant spruce thirty yards away. The bole was hollowed, and from it emerged the head and forequarters of a beishung. He looked sleepily from side to side as he sauntered forth. He seemed very large, and like the animal of a dream, for we had given up whatever small hopes we had ever had of seeing one. And now he appeared much larger than life with his white head with black spectacles, his black collar and white saddle.

Ted had started in a different direction with another Lolo, so Mokhta Lone and I eagerly signalled him. Though in reality only a short time, it was a nerve-wracking wait. The giant panda, dazed by sleep, was not really aroused, and was walking slowly away into the bamboos. If frightened it could vanish like smoke in the jungle. As soon as Ted came up we fired simultaneously at the outline of the disappearing panda. Both shots took effect. Not knowing where his enemies were, he turned toward us, floundering through the drifted snow that lay in a hollow on our left. He was but five or six feet from Mokhta Lone when we again fired. He fell, but recovered himself and made off through the densely growing bamboos. We knew he was ours, so al-

though the Lolos had all along told us that a beishung was not an animal to be feared, we used caution in following the trail. A couple of the dogs that had been hunting in the valley below now came bounding by us, but they very evidently did not share their masters' opinions as to the innocuous character of the beishung. They trailed, howling, behind us and nothing could induce them to go ahead. No help, however, was needed, for the chase ended in seventy-five yards. He was a splendid old male, the first that the Lolos had any record of as being killed in this Yehli region.

The shikaries, the Lolos, and ourselves held a mutual rejoicing, each in his own tongue. Our great good fortune could only with much effort be credited. We had hunted hard and long, usually in the face of every adverse circumstance. The previous evening conditions had been at their blackest, and it did not look as if we would be able to stir the Lolos from their homes. Now all was changed, and after so long holding aloof, the Hunting Gods had turned about and brewed the unusual chain of circumstances that alone could enable us to shoot a giant panda, trailing him without dogs and with the crowning bit of luck that permitted us to fire jointly.

When the enthusiasm had subsided sufficiently to allow us to think of anything beyond the immediate results of the chase, there were other plans to be

worked out. In the face of the rain and sleet, and handicapped by a badly burst case, I had packed my camera in my bedding. My first thought was to get it, so Ted stayed behind to struggle with transportation difficulties while I hurried down to the valley. As we slithered and slipped and barked our shins and knees, we kept up a running recapitulation of the details of the chase. When Mokhta Lone paused for breath I broke in and took up the tale. I later learned that Ted and Gaffer Sheikh had been similarly employed. Mokhta Lone insisted that the panda was a sahib, for unlike the bear it did not cry out when shot.

At length we reached A'Souza's lodge, where we hoped to find Hsuen and the mules. There was no sign of them. It was a blow, for it further dimmed any chance of successful photography. While trying to learn of Hsuen's whereabouts we sat for a few brief minutes at the hospitable hearth of Vooka, A'Souza's wife, who acted in his stead during his absence. She was a tall handsome woman, wearing the conventional hooded head-dress of Lolo women. She was smoking a long-stemmed pipe with a heavy stone bowl, that she later told us had belonged to her mother and grandmother before her. Filling it with tobacco she thrust it into the fire to top the bowl with a pyramid of embers. Then she handed it ceremonially to me, reminding me of a Red Indian passing the peace pipe. One of her daughters brought half a dozen eggs in a bowl made of takin hide.

There was, unfortunately, no time to be lost, so we hurried back to our last night's halting-place. There we found Hsuen, and hastily started the mules forward to A'Souza's. It was not until half past four that I again found Ted and the beishung. My pursuit of the camera had taken me on a fourteen-mile jaunt. It was raining and sleeting, and numbed fingers made but clumsy work with the camera. These Lolos were unaccustomed to carrying loads, and Ted had had a weary and discouraging time of it. For a while he tried to float the panda down the stream; but after struggling in the ice-bound water for a short time he abandoned the attempt and gralloched the animal. He had hoped to avoid doing so until after the camera should have arrived. He found no trace of the panda having varied its bamboo diet.

Great were the celebrations held that night at A'Souza's. Vooka ordered a sheep to be slaughtered, and resolutely refused to allow us to foot the bill. Intermingled with it all, there was strongly pervading an element of superstition. The beishung was at first not permitted in the compound, and we were afraid that we would have to skin it in the rain and snow and mud. Religious scruples were at length so far relaxed as to permit the shikaries to carry it into an isolated hayloft. A deeply interested group surrounded us at our work, but not an omnivorous Lolo of the lot would touch a morsel of the flesh. Hsuen

T. R. AND MOHKTA LONE WITH THE GIANT PANDA

A'SOUZA'S CABIN

HSUEN WITH SEVERAL LOLO FRIENDS

told us that after we left a priest was to be sent for and an all-embracing ceremony of purification would be held, to cleanse the house and its surroundings from any shadow that the death of the giant panda might cast upon it.

The feasting lasted late. The sheep was quartered and plunged into a huge cauldron that was raised on three tall stones above the fire. A little later the par-boiled meat was fished out and hacked into smaller pieces. These were thrust back into the boiling water. A silent ring of expectant Lolos lined the walls of the big raftered building. They were shrouded in their long capes, and it was as well, for there were many chinks in the roughly shingled roof, and the rain fell ever faster. When the sheep was ready, Vooka's servants ladled great chunks into wooden bowls, and adding rice from a smaller cauldron, handed them around among the guests. Soon wine was poured into a wooden beaker and circulated through the throng. It was in the main a silent gathering, lit by the flickering fagots of pine that were thrust from time to time upon the fire. With Vooka seated beside the fire, smoking her long pipe and directing her retainers, the whole might well have fitted a feudal feast in Europe in the Middle Ages. Ted and I mixed a hot toddy from the last of our flask of brandy and drank the health of every one, starting with General Pereira, whose attempts to shoot panda, made

in the face of so many difficulties, had not been favored by fortune with our lucky termination.

It was late when we crawled up into the hayloft where our bedding was laid out. Never were the sleeping bags more gratefully welcome. Although we were past the age when "visions of sugar plums" could "dance through our heads," black and white beishungs were never long absent from our dreams that night.

CHAPTER IX

THE END OF THE TRAIL

"In twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And everyone said, 'How tall they've grown,
They've been to the lakes and the torrible zone
And the hills of the Chankley bore.' " —Leer.

SUPPOSE that you had, by the hardest sort of work, unexpectedly broken the world record for the mile run. Suppose that, tired but jubilant, you were sitting on the sidelines. Then suppose that at that moment some one came up and said, "You must get up and run that mile again!" That is just the way Kermit and I felt when, after getting the giant panda, we realized that we must resume our interrupted takin hunt. We could not afford to take even a day's rest, because we had to be in Indo-China for the hunting as early as possible, since the summer rains make the low-lying jungles an almost impenetrable morass.

Next morning early, when we sent for the native hunters, we found them far from keen. The feast the night before, and the bowls of corn wine, had made them feel more like gossiping in the courtyard than going again into the snowy mountains. Finally, after

a good deal of urging we got them started about seven, which is very late when on the trail. The bedding and supplies for the two shikaries and ourselves were made into four bundles to be brought after us by porters.

Fortunately the day was clear, and occasional bursts of sunlight lit the white snow with dazzling brilliancy. Soon we had passed the place where the day before we had come on the panda's trail. The ravine got more steep and rugged, the jungle denser, and the going increasingly difficult. The snow lay deep on the ground. It had caught the tips of the bamboo grass, bent them down, and frozen them solid. Struggling up through them was like walking through croquet hoops. The Lolos were as usual as good-natured and shiftless as children. Every hour or so they would squat down in the snow and, grinning ruefully, rub their aching heads. It was hard to make them carry even Kermit's camera.

Once as we were plunging through a thicket we flushed a flock of jungle fowl. I was unable to get a clear view of them but, judging from a glimpse of one that I caught as it hurtled through a tree, they were as large as blackcock and of a dark color.

We kept constantly on the watch for signs, as an animal that passed would leave a clear trail in the snow. We saw nothing but the delicate footprints of a barking deer until, well on in the afternoon, Mokhta

Lone picked up with the field-glasses half a dozen trails running parallel across the snowy summit of a mountain. We asked the natives what they were and were told Yea Gnu (takin). None of us thought them large enough, but we felt we would chance a mistake. Leaving three of the local hunters behind, we started toward the mountain with the fourth. Soon he wished to sit down and let us go on alone. After a rather sharp argument we convinced him his plan would not work.

It did not take us long to realize why he had wished to wait behind. The first part of our way lay through the usual bamboo thicket, but this time it was growing among rocks covered with snow. Every ten yards some one's leg would slip into a crevasse between two boulders, and down he would come with a thud. The snow had drifted into the valley up which we were climbing, and sometimes we floundered armpit-deep. After nearly an hour of this work we came out on the barren mountainside. It was very steep but still held the snow and ice in a glacier-like formation. At this moment the sun came out, and soon we were dripping with sweat and half-blinded by the glare. At length after climbing a particularly steep shoulder we reached the trails. They were not takin but wolf. As we sat panting, our main consolation was that one of the native hunters who had given us the wrong information had suffered with us.

Undoubtedly two of the natives who were with us had at some time killed takin, but it was most difficult to get anything approaching accurate information from them. They told us the animals were at times savage. They feared them, particularly when in herds, and said when they found a number together they always climbed a tree before shooting.

Half-scrambling, half-sliding, we reached the valley again in a fraction of the time it had taken us to climb up. A walk of a quarter of a mile brought us to our three hunters, squatting around a fire that they had built in the snow under a gnarled old tree. They explained by signs that this was where we were to camp. Soon the four porters joined us with our equipment. We had brought two single tents, each weighing twelve pounds. One we gave to our Kashmiris. The other we kept for ourselves. We soon had them pitched and our bedding unrolled within on the snow.

Neither Kermit nor I eat much when we are hunting hard, but at that we felt we were cutting ourselves fine when we found we had rationed ourselves each per day at the rate of one-fourth of a small tin of cornbeef, half a tin of U. S. Army emergency ration, and a few graham crackers. The best part of our fare was the hot cup of soup-like chocolate made from the iron ration. After supper we dried our socks before the fire and then turned in.

Toward morning it became bitterly cold and neither of us could sleep. In the first faint light we decided that the day had begun, and hobbled stiff-legged to the fire. It took no time to get breakfast as there was nothing to cook, and before the sunrise we were going up the valley which led into the main ranges.

After an hour and a half hard going we found ourselves near the salt spring on which the natives had pinned their faith. Very cautiously we approached, careful lest a twig should snap. At last we got where we could see it. There was not an animal anywhere. Not only that, but when we walked up to it we could see no tracks in the snow, which was a great disappointment as it meant that no takin had been there for many days. The spring itself bubbled from the ground in tiny spurts. I tasted the water and found it rather warm and brackish.

The Lolos were very much discouraged and explained that there could be no takin in the country, for if there were they visited the spring every few days. They wanted to turn back at once. Kermit and I felt that we did not want to leave until we were sure we had no chance. We split the party and followed up the various ravines, stopping wherever we could get a good view and combing the surrounding mountains with our field-glasses. After covering much country and failing to see even a track, we reluctantly decided that wherever the takin might be they were not in this place.

Our minds made up, we started back as rapidly as possible. Stopping just long enough at the place we had spent the night to break camp and start the coolies, we pushed on. The bright sun of the last two days had melted much of the snow, especially in the lower part of the valley. Peeping through their white coverlid were leaves with the fresh green color of early spring.

When we reached the home of our host, the Lolo chief, it was mid-afternoon. We went into the combined living-room, bedroom and kitchen, and told Hsuen we had made up our minds to leave next day for Ningyuan. Our caravan men were glad to get this news, for as they were part Chinese they were far from popular in Lolo Land. Then we said we wanted to give a feast for the people of the valley. Our host, A'Souza, had not yet returned, but Vooka, his wife, at once protested. She said they would give the feast. The household was feudal in the best sense. They were generous to a fault and regarded hospitality as an obligation of their position.

We never saw the Lord of the Manor, as he was away, but Vooka, his wife, pictured him fairly to us. She was accustomed to power. She had a pleasant low voice, a great contrast to the usual acrid shrillness of Asiatic women. Of only medium height, she looked tall. One of her eyes was terribly injured by some disease. Her clothes were voluminous, dirty

and torn. Nevertheless, even when squatting by the fire smoking the old stone pipe which was her constant companion, there was an air of unconscious dignity about her that would have shamed many the grand lady. Once we tried to give her a gold ring set with a turquoise. She refused, with the statement that she greatly liked the idea because she knew it meant "our hearts were good," but that she was an old woman and had no use for gewgaws.

It was only when we insisted that we too felt the obligation of dispensing hospitality, that Vooka at length consented to let us buy food for the festivities. We purchased a sheep and rice. We tried also to buy some native wine to have served. It is an interesting witness to the general sobriety of these mountain folk that none was to be found.

Kermit and I then set about packing and going over the loads, so as to have all in readiness for an early start next day.

Meanwhile the feast was in course of preparation. A sheep was brought in from the hills and slaughtered in the courtyard. Without an instant's delay it was carried into the house, skinned and quartered,—for animals are not kept but eaten immediately. The great iron pan-shaped pot was rested on the stones that surrounded the fire, and filled with rice and chunks of mutton.

Soon the people of the neighboring houses began

to arrive. Kermit and I sat in our rhoorkee chairs on one side of the fire. Around in a deep circle were ranged the natives squatting on the floor. Each had a bowl into which he continually dipped rice and mutton from the cauldron. There were no knives or forks. Every one ate with his fingers. The only light came from the fire on which the cauldron was sputtering. Once the unmarried daughter of the house told Hsuen to ask us if we could give her a cake of our soap. I happened to have an extra piece of Pear's soap done up in its paper wrappers, which we gave her much to her delight. Gradually the sheep meat disappeared and the bones were thrown to the dogs. One by one the guests, thoroughly stuffed, drifted out into the night and their houses. By nine o'clock the festivities were finished.

When they had all gone we presented the son and heir of the house, vice his father, with Kermit's 32 Colt automatic. His mother was really embarrassed. She explained that she had no valuable present for us, saying they had lost most of their family treasures when they were driven into this valley from their old home near Tachow.

Next morning when we bade her good-by she had her family and many of the guests of the previous evening around her. I believe they were sorry to have us leave, and I know we were sorry to go. It seemed almost unbelievable that this kindly old wo-

FEEDING THE PIGS IN FRONT OF A'SOUZA'S CABIN

VOOKA AND HER NEIGHBORS

A LOLO GIRL

A LOLO

man and these smiling natives were the savages we had been told would rob us. Nevertheless the fact remains that the route through Yelhi, though a short cut from Tatsienlu south, had been closed to caravans for many years.

A bodyguard of sons of some of the local head men accompanied us as we struck east along the valley. The sun had just risen. The surrounding mountains were capped with snow and girdled with dark forests. The level floor of the valley was dotted with sheep and goats. Through the centre flowed the small stream that had its source where we had hunted takin. The rocks around which its water rippled were brilliant red from some bright-colored lichen that covered them.

By ten we had crossed a small divide and dropped into a mountain meadow surrounded by splendid old spruce trees. Here we lost our faithful companion, Mokhta, who had been at least in part responsible for our chance at the panda. He told us this was as far as he wanted to come. We paid him his wages and gave him a sheath knife. The last we saw of him he was striking into the mountains on a short cut to his home.

As the hours passed the valley broadened and became less rugged. We saw houses and cultivated fields. From the hillsides would rise groups of Lolos, wild-looking fellows with their black turbans and

great capes. They streamed down on our caravan, far from friendly until they saw our escort. One mountaineer had his hair cut in a scalp-lock like an American Indian. Outside of two or three old smooth-bore, fuse-fired guns I saw no weapons, but probably the folds of the cloaks concealed some. Much of the march we had from ten to twenty walking along with us. Like our friends at Yelhi, once confidence was established they were most friendly, smiling at us and looking with interest at our equipment.

Looking down the trail ahead I saw moving white dots a mile or so away. For a moment I thought they were animals,—then I realized they were natives carrying coffin-boards to market. As we drew closer I could make out the outline of the coolies, who looked like industrious ants moving their eggs across the garden walk. These coffin-boards are enormous, three or four inches thick, between two and three feet broad, and six or seven feet long. It is this demand for large solid timbers that has contributed greatly to the deforestation of China. Not only that, but the cost to the living is tremendous. Respect for one's ancestors is excellent; but when it is perverted to mean burying much of the family's sorely-needed means with the deceased, and spending most of the balance on senseless formalities at the funeral, it is criminal folly.

At three o'clock our Lolo escort gathered around us and Hsuen said they wished to bid us good-by, as Tachow was but twenty li distant and they dared go no further. We gave them "wine money" and they smiled and bowed their thanks. Gathering on a near-by ridge they watched until we disappeared from sight.

Coming down the valley the seasons shifted with kaleidoscopic rapidity. On the top of the pass it was still winter. A few miles lower we were treading on the heels of spring. The poppy-fields were in full bloom. Still further on it was almost summer, for the blossoms had finished and the pods were being gathered. Soon we came to signs of Chinese occupation. The types of people who stared at us from the fields were more Chinese.

We decided to push ahead faster. The muleteers hurried their animals. Glancing back while we were jogging along one level stretch I saw an example of everything that should not be done in riding. Gaffer Sheikh was coming behind. He had dropped the reins, which flapped loosely around his pony's neck. With both hands he was grasping the saddle pommel. He shook from side to side like a piece of corn in a popper. Most remarkable of all, he neither considered that he was in difficulties nor that he was riding badly.

Of all bad riders, and I have seen many, I consider the Kashmiris in a class by themselves. No horse

or mule that breathes can last long under them. At the end of about a week there is a sore on the back or a swelling in the mouth, and the same plaint, "Sahib, hamara ghora na thik hai" (Sir, my horse is no good),—for no native will ever admit that he is by any chance to blame for anything that may go wrong.

It was evening when, after crossing and recrossing a little river by numerous fords, we came to the small walled town of Tachow. An open-mouthed crowd gathered at the gate and watched our battered train file in. We knew we were objects of unusual interest but could not tell why as we had no means of speaking to any one. Hsuen, the faithful, had stayed behind on the road to make sure the beishung bones which were carried by a porter were not lost, for "It make too much sadness if lose."

When Hsuen appeared we sent him at once to the magistrate with our cards, the letter from the Central Government, and the pair of oft-rejected field-glasses. As Kermit said, "He can't very well send them back if Hsuen leaves them."

In a comparatively few minutes the "evangelist" returned beaming with smiles. The unexpected had happened. The stone which the builders had rejected had become the headstone in the corner. The field-glasses had produced a sensation. "He suspicious. He ask what we want for give such valuable present. I say nothing but make happy. He come quick."

So said Hsuen, and almost at once the local official appeared. He was a nice looking, spare young fellow of about thirty. With him came another young fellow who was a local headman. We made them join us in the black den which was our bedroom in the back of the inn. There by the light of a guttering oil lamp we offered them each a liqueur glass of benedictine, the last drop of anything we had.

Then we started the usual formalities. We found the magistrate had been born in a village near by. He asked what we had been doing. We told him hunting and showed him a picture of the panda. Neither he nor any of those who had come with him had ever heard of the animal. It was another puzzling and discouraging instance of the extreme localization of information in Western China. Here was an intelligent man, born in this place, who did not even know of the existence of the beishung though we had killed one but twenty-five miles away.

Preliminaries finished, we came to the matters that really interested him and the explanation of the reason we had been regarded with such enthralled interest. He wanted to know where we had been, and how we had come in so peacefully, unrobbed and untroubled, from hostile Lolo Land. He said never in his knowledge had a white man been there, and that for many years no Chinese had ventured there. It was as if in the tenth century a party of European

Christians had turned up healthy and unharmed at Constantinople, explaining they had just come from Mecca.

We were now on the borderland between the Lolo country and China. Like the border between Scotland and England it was the scene of practically continuous warfare. Raid and reprisal succeeded each other in an interminable procession. Tachow itself was a frontier outpost, always under arms. Raiders had broken in a few months before and burnt a number of the houses. Only that morning the magistrate told us a village not a mile from the town walls had been sacked by the men from the hills, and one of his soldiers had been killed in the action. The population of the town and its surroundings was mainly Chinese, with a mixture of valley Lolos who stood to their mountain kinsmen much as the lowland Scots stood to the highlanders.

When he asked what he could do for us, we said we wanted him to help us get to Ningyuan as rapidly as possible. He was much pleased at this very moderate request, and said he would not only send an escort of soldiers to see us safely to the first big town, some twelve miles away, but would lead the party himself.

Next morning, in spite of the promises the muleteers had made, they did not appear. Kermit went to hurry them, and I asked Hsuen to buy a small

image we had seen in the front room of the inn. It was a delightful little carved wood figure mellow with the gloss of ages. The people did not wish to sell, but made this obvious in an odd fashion. They hid it, put another in its place, and to the end insisted it had never been there.

The pack-train ready, the magistrate appeared with our escort. It consisted of thirteen Chinese soldiers and twenty-two Lolos. The magistrate had given the latter a wine and mutton feast the previous evening on the condition that they would come.

In the usual noisy eastern confusion, we clattered and slipped over the grimy paving stones. Pigs grunted and scrambled out of our way, dogs barked, women and children screamed and chattered. As we passed the old gray stone gate the sun had just risen, and the country had that fresh cleanness of new sunlight. Behind and around us lay the black hills and mountains of the Lolos. To the west was a particularly beautiful snow-mountain. We were told it was called the Golden Mountain, and indeed its snowfields did not look unlike gold quartz as they sparkled in the sun.

As we filed along I glanced back. Our caravan was certainly a jungle outfit. Kermit and I, with our ragged beards and worn hunting clothes, were as wild-looking as any of the mountaineers. Behind us came the Lolos with their black turbans and rifles of every

type and age. Then came the ponies with our kit. Such American-made boxes as we still had were battered beyond semblance of their former selves. The rest of the things were in native skin-bags. For example, we carried our basins and toilet articles in Tibetan goatskin-bags, tanned with hair on and the feet sewed outside. The few pots and pans that formed our kitchen were black with smoke and dented.

In a few minutes we passed a small village which, the magistrate explained, was the one which had been sacked the day before. Then we came to a forest. Apparently this was the point where danger was first expected. Our escort doubled forward and scattered left and right through the woods. It was not done clumsily for show, as is so often the case when Chinese soldiers are anxious to give you the impression that they are guarding you from danger where none really exists, but with the careful efficiency of men who mean business and know what they are doing. The magistrate himself dismounted, took a rifle, and went forward with the advance guard. Whether due to the excellent screen that enveloped us, or because no robbers were there that day, we climbed the hill and without incident wound our way down the other side. At the foot the Lolos gathered and we were told they were leaving us. We gave them a few dollars wine money and left them happy. The magistrate and the thirteen real soldiers stayed with us.

The country became more open. Grain and poppy fields alternated. The men and women working there straightened up, and gazed at us with the awestruck look of country children watching a circus parade. It was still morning when we reached the gray moss-draped walls of Mienning-hsien. It was a busy, dirty trade-centre where caravan trails from a half dozen places met. The crowds almost blocked our way as we pushed through the bazaar. We stopped for a moment to say good-by to the nice little official from Tachow, and fee his soldiers. Then, leaving Hsuen to make our excuses and give our cards to the magistrate of the city, we trotted on to join the caravan, which was already on its way downstream.

We had travelled steadily for eleven hours when we reached the village of Lokow. There we had luck, for we found a Chinese Catholic Mission and had clean rooms in which to sleep. Of course with our long beards we were taken for French Fathers. Forgetting this, I explained by signs to one of the local Chinese that each of us had four children. He took it in good part, however, evidently feeling that we were merely some different type of Holy Father.

Here we got news from Suydam and Jack Young. At first we were able to find out nothing but that they had passed through some four days ago. The post-office, where they were supposed to have left a letter for us, denied any knowledge of it. Knowing Chinese

post-offices, however, we would not take no for an answer. Finally, we wormed out of them the information that some days ago a letter had been left addressed in a foreign tongue, and that they had sent it to a Catholic Mission fifteen li away. The postmaster said he would try to get it for us if we would pay him in advance. We said he had the cart before the horse. He would get his backshish when he brought the letter. He did, and we were glad to hear that all had gone well with the other echelon of our party.

Both Kermit and I were sick. Kermit had a return of his poisoning and I had an infected leg and a go of fever coming. We had seen on the map where the Amning river ran from Lokow to Ningyuan and decided to try to get a boat. We hired one to meet us at a place about twelve miles from town, and offered to take the loads with us but, for some reason which we were never able to fathom, the caravan men preferred to go the entire way by the road.

As we were riding out next morning we passed a foundry where iron pots were being smelted in clay moulds. There was one remarkable innovation,—a bellows run by water power. It was made of a cylinder cut from the log of a tree in which a piston was operated by an eccentric crank attached to a horizontal water-wheel. It impressed me greatly, for it was the first time I had seen anything in western China suggesting a competent labor-saving device in industry.

When we came to the boat we found it the usual clumsy barge built of ill-fitting planks. Of course it leaked and an inch or more of dirty water swashed around the bottom. Two natives handled it with great sweeps,—one at the bow, one at the stern. Kermit and I made ourselves comfortable on the bottom and I started at once writing this chapter. We drifted with the current down the winding muddy stream. On each side low-lying green rice fields stretched. Unwieldy, nearly hairless water-buffaloes slowly tugged ploughs through the black mud, or turned to stare at us with mild incurious eyes. On the sand-bars gray and white cranes were standing. Snipe rose and flickered off. Occasionally as we rounded a bend we startled a flock of Brahmini ducks which rose with a splatter of water. The sun was blisteringly hot. It seemed impossible that only three days before we had been in rough forests waist-deep in snow. Kermit and I had bought a couple of big straw cartwheel hats to act as sunshades. When he put his on he looked, with his ragged beard, like a disreputable mediæval saint with a halo.

At noon the boatmen brought our craft to the bank and disappeared toward a cluster of huts. Hsuen told us they had gone to their homes to get "things to eat." This seemed reasonable, but, when they did not return in forty-five minutes, we sent him to tell them we had engaged them to take us downstream, not to feast.

It was four o'clock when we reached the place, some twenty-five li from Ningyuan, where they were to land us. Our road now led us across the paddy fields. For the last hour or so a storm had been rising. Soon a wind blew from the mountains in gusts that constantly grew in violence. Trees were bent like blades of grass. A branch was broken off as we passed through a village and nearly killed a little boy who was running across the street. Then came the rain. Soon we were soaked and chilled to the bone. The rubber soles on our shoes made it nearly impossible to stand. We slipped and slid about like a dog on a frozen pond. We had Hsuen ask the few draggled people we passed the distance to the city. We got the usual answers. A born optimist would say ten li. Then we would plod along for half an hour and inquire again, only to be told fifteen. It was the longest twenty-five li I ever walked. The city was hidden by trees, rain, and mist. We came on it suddenly. Even then we were not through, for the Mission was at the other end of town. Nothing ever looked better than its courtyard, with Suydam and one of the Fathers coming forward to greet us.

The caravan was there, so we went upstairs at once and put on dry shirts. Then we came down to dinner, which had been kept waiting. Soon we were seated in real chairs around a real table eating potage and drinking red wine.

There were three priests. The Bishop, Monseigneur Baudry, was a slight, kind-faced man, a Rochellese by birth, but it had been thirty-five years since he had left China. Père Le Mercier was a thick-set, jolly man of thirty-six, typical of the France he loved. Père Le Bouetté came from Breteuil, and had served in China fifteen years. All three had long beards and wore the black gown of their order, Les Missions Etrangères.

This French Mission is a most remarkable organization. It has branches all over the world,—Africa, Ceylon, China. The *aspirants* are sent to a seminary in Paris where they study for six years. Then one day comes an order, "You will go to Ceylon," or maybe, "China"—and they go, often the next day. What is more extraordinary, the man does not know a word of the language of the land to which he is being sent, for languages are not taught in the seminary. He is expected to learn when he gets to his destination. The members of the Mission for the most part never see France again. A very, very few, such as Monseigneur de Guébriant, the great explorer, rise to the head of the order and return to Paris. An equally small number, I know of one case only, are afflicted with some incurable and totally disabling disease, such as paralysis, and are sent home. The rest live their lives and die in the country to which they are sent, without ever leaving it. There has been only one ex-

ception,—the Great War. During those days when France was fighting for her life the members of the Missions Etrangères came home and joined the army.

All three of the Fathers at Ningyuan were delightful. They were cultivated, and kept thoroughly in touch with what was happening in the world. There was a library of many hundreds of volumes. Monseigneur remarked, when I complimented him on it, that it had been burnt three times during the civil disorders.

Chatting over the wine we heard many interesting side-lights on their daily lives. Père Le Mercier had been a sergeant in the army. He had been captured by the Germans and twice had all but escaped. He joined the Mission after the war, and was sent to China. The day he left Yunnanfu he was captured by bandits, robbed of everything, and turned loose on the country without being able to speak a word of the language. Once Baudry, when sick with fever, had been attacked by twenty outlaw Chinese soldiers and an officer. He was mounted at the time and fled. They fired on him and pursued him. He distanced them on the level, but when he had to climb a hill they gained. The chase ended when some Lolos, who were friendly, gathered and killed all the soldiers and the officer. The ride cost Monseigneur the sight of one eye, for the strain greatly aggravated the fever. Fourteen years before Monseigneur Baudry had been

IN THE FRENCH MISSION AT NINGYUAN

The old fellow has been christened Solferino by the Fathers

A BRIDGE OF WOOD WITHOUT A NAIL

back to the same part of Lolo Land, where we had hunted. He said he believed that he was the only other white man who had ever been there.

Besides the Fathers there were two Sisters who devote most of their attention to care of the sick. They were very kind to me and it was largely due to them that my attack of fever was broken so quickly.

One of the most interesting characters in the Mission was the catechist, Chow Tze Kow. He was a Manchu. His family had lived in Ningyuan for ten generations. He was a tall handsome man with a long white beard. Originally he had made his living as a scribe, but had taken opium to such an extent that he could not work, and his father had turned him out of the house. Thereupon, entirely without aid, he decided to stop the drug. He did, though for fifteen days he hung between life and death. Then he joined the Mission. He had a small room within the Mission walls. It was like a curiosity shop. Every corner was piled with odds and ends,—old native books, musical instruments, bits of old watches, pictures of the Holy Family and the saints. His professions were all-inclusive. He cobbled shoes. He mended clocks and watches. He cut blocks for Chinese calling cards for me. One day he took an old Chinese astrolabe and took the time by the sun for us. There was nothing he could not and did not do. Above all, he was a musician.

One evening he gave us a concert, bringing his orchestra with him. His orchestra was almost as remarkable as he was. There were three of them,—the interpreter of the Mission, a little, old, typical Chinaman, very thin, with his brown skin drawn tight over his cheeks. Another had a kindly, wrinkled face like an old apple, and was professor in the local government school. The third was a tall, handsome Manchu who was in the local customs service. All of them played stringed instruments. The catchist, at the head of the table around which they were gathered, pulled the stroke oar. He played on a harpischord. They gave selections from old Chinese operas, each taking a part and singing in turn. The music was in a minor key and monotonous to a European ear.

Another day he alone played to us, this time on a lute. The very names of the selections were picturesque. "Swans Flying Over the Rapids," "Confucius Studying," "The Foreign Mandarin Leaving for His Home with Music."

The city of Ningyuan was administered by General Chao, a big, handsome man. He had been originally a leader of free companions, but now was firmly aligned with the government. He neither smoked opium nor drank. He was Christian,—though of what denomination I never knew,—and perhaps because of this he had his headquarters in the defunct Baptist Mission.

While strolling through the bazaar, we had an illustration of the fact that China is composed of back eddies where almost anything may collect. We stopped at a silk-shop and there on the wall, yellow with age, was a sheet from a New York daily fifteen years old, giving the photographs of men who were attending the first Plattsburgh Camp,—Robert Bacon, John Purroy Mitchel, etc. In a grocery store we saw the china figure of a woman with a skirt trailing the ground and a muff and a boa, evidently made in Germany in the seventies.

It was three days before we were able to get a mule caravan.The morning that we left all the Fathers and the catechist came out to wish us Godspeed. Our stay at Ningyuan had been a delightful interlude and we knew we had made three good friends.

Although we felt, when we reached the French Mission, that we were in civilization and a part of the outside world again, this was really far from being the case. There was no telegraph in the city, and even mail took between ten days and two weeks to get to the nearest railroad.

Our aim now was to get to Yunnanfu in the most rapid time possible. Day after day we travelled from dawn to dark. At first our road led us down the broad valley of the Amning Ho. The country was lovely. The hedges were a mass of wild-rose, not the wild-rose of America, but full-bodied pink and white blos-

soms. The cacti were tipped with a saffron-colored bloom. Pomegranate trees were gay with orange flowers. By the irrigation ditches we saw young girls acting duck-herds for flocks of goslings. They kept their diminuitive charges from straying by sweeping them together with light, long-handled bamboo brooms.

One night at Kungtuying we were awakened by the beating of a gong. When we inquired what was happening we were told that robbers had looted a house on the outskirts and had taken "a horse, a mule and a goat."

On the fifth day of hard travel we reached Hweilichow. There we went at once to the French Mission, where we were met with the bitterest disappointment. There was no mail. Through some error everything had been sent north to Tatsienlu. Some letters had gone only a few days before, according to the postmaster. It was four months since we had letters, as the last we had received were dated the end of December. Father Andren did his best to cheer us, but, under the circumstances, with no success.

Our trail now led us through a rough, uncultivated, sparsely settled country. On the second day we crossed the Yangtze, a broad, swift-flowing stream, red with silt. In spite of the fact that theoretically we were still in the dry season, it had rained continually. The day we crossed the river we finished our

march after dark by climbing one of the slipperiest clay hills it has ever been my misfortune to meet. Men, mules, and horses slipped and fell every few steps as they struggled up in the face of a blinding storm. I was very glad to see the dark little flea-infested hole where we were to spend the night.

Day followed day in rapid succession. The marches of the mule train were remarkable, averaging nearly thirty miles. We started in the gray dawn, and dark would find us filing into some small town to spend the night. One of the villages had the delightful name of Shih Mah Lung Kai, or "Market Place for Horses and Dragons." We found none of the latter, but on the following day, with the aid of a dozen small boys, killed a large snake,—the first we had seen on the trip,—in the mud wall of a house.

Once while we were climbing a hillside we met a member of the Chinese Inland Mission, Mr. Hinks, who was travelling north to his post with his wife and baby. Much to our surprise he greeted us by name.

The morning of the seventh day we started even earlier than usual. Five hours fast going brought us to the crest of a low ridge. Before us lay the city of Yunnanfu, with beyond the placid waters of the lake. We were back at the railhead again after two thousand miles of travel by boat, on foot, and on horseback.

Mr. Chamberlain, the American Consul, was most

kind, and with his aid and that of Messrs Page and Hoyt of the Standard Oil Company, we succeeded in getting our arrangements made to leave the following day.

Then came the really sad part of the expedition—saying good-by to both men and animals of whom we were really fond. Our three ponies we gave to friends, who promised they would always have a good home. We paid the men in the evening, but they were all at the train next morning to see us off. They had been with us for long months. Together we had shivered in the bitter winter cold of the high mountains and sweltered in the damp heat of the semi-tropics. Together we had passed through troubles ranging from lost mules to bandits. Now in all probability we would never meet again. As the train rattled out of the station, our last glimpse showed the three mute figures of Hsuen, Chin and Chow.

So ended our expedition in China. The hunting in Indo-China is another story, for mischance or sickness split our original party.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

ZOOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE SINO TIBETAN BORDERLANDS

Before starting on the expedition we visited many libraries specializing in books of travel and exploration and studied the catalogues of numerous old booksellers, but we could find very little that dealt in any way with the big and small game of the country to which we were going. We found, as usual, that the shelves of Francis Edward's bookshop in London had the most to offer, but even there we were unable to obtain much of the information we sought. It has seemed, therefore, that a short résumé of the country from a hunter's standpoint might not be amiss.

The parts of Yunnan and Szechuan through which we passed can by no stretch of the imagination be termed a big game paradise. It is no country for the inexperienced hunter nor for one who wishes to secure a large bag without undue expenditure of time and effort. An experienced hunter, who is not obliged to hurry, can, however, secure a varied bag, and be certain that practically every animal he collects will prove of great interest, with a very definite possibility of finding it a new species or sub-species.

The first prize is the giant panda, whose scientific name is Æluropus melanoleucus. The natives know him as the beishung or white bear. To the best of our judgment he has a fairly wide area of distribution but is to be found only in pockets, and is never abundant, even in these pockets. He lives in the bamboo jungles in altitudes va-

rying between six and fourteen thousand feet. We came to the conclusion that it could be safely assumed that where there were no bamboo jungles, there were no beishung. Native information required careful checking, for even after a detailed description of the animal, accompanied by showing a plate depicting it, we could not rely on a native's word as to its presence in a district. Sometimes this was due to very hazy notions of coloration and the assumption that the white crescent on the black bear's chest entitled it to be called a beishung. At other times misinformation was wilful, either with the common impulse to give pleasant and agreeable news or because the native counted on earning some money as guide before his deception could be discovered. We took no one's word as guarantee of the presence of beishung. Where he actually exists, his droppings are frequent and easy to find, and even easier to identify. They are egg shaped, from five to seven inches in length (for the adult) and composed of partially digested bamboo shoots. The Muping and Yehli districts were the only places where, after diligent and unceasing inquiry throughout the trip, we could be convinced of the presence of giant panda. Doctor Rock told us that he had heard of them at Tangpu in Kansu. While he had neither seen skins nor had time to look for sign, he was convinced from the detailed description given him that beishung were actually to be found. Owing to their scarcity and the nature of the country in which they live the prospects of getting a shot at one still hunting are very slender. With a pack of good bear hounds they should not be difficult to secure.

The beishung does not hibernate. We found fresh sign in regions where the brown and black bears were hibernating, and the one we shot was living in a locality where the black bears had not yet awaked from their winter's nap. We came upon his tracks one morning in the newly

fallen snow. They were partly obliterated, for four or five hours had passed since he went by. Three hours' trailing through dense jungle brought us to the spot which he had selected for his siesta. We caught sight of him emerging from the hollow bole of a giant fir tree, and fired simultaneously.

The giant panda, from all we could learn, is not a savage animal. After the shooting our Kashmiri shikaries remarked that he was a sahib, a gentleman, for when hit he had remained silent, and not called out as does a bear. In the nearest Chinese village, perhaps twenty-five miles distant, no one had ever heard of a giant panda, nor seen the skin of one. Other incidents of this nature continually confirmed our belief in the giant panda's scarcity.

In Northern Yunnan and in Szechuan both brown bear (probably some sub-species of Ursus arctos) and black bear (Ursus torquatus) are to be found. The latter are known locally as gho shung (dog bear). They are very numerous in a number of districts through which we passed. They were hibernating at the time, and we were told that they holed up in December and did not come out until May or June, according to the locality. We saw much old sign and were ready to credit the native hunters' statements that they were not difficult to get. Gaffer Sheikh either saw or thought he saw one near Tienwei on January 22d. The hunters were unable to explain its being out so late. We often saw bearskins used for coats and rugs. In the Lamaseries masks made from bears' heads were frequently to be found. The Lamas use them in their devil dances.

The brown bear, known by the natives as ma hsiung, or horse bear, is by no means as numerous as the black, but we saw masks made from their head skins in several Lamaseries, and were told by the Lamas that the animal lived in the neighboring forests. We also saw a number of

hides. As far as we know it has never been collected. It is not mentioned in such accounts of the animals of the district as we have read. As well as we could determine it does not exist south of Szechuan. It is much feared by the natives, and is unquestionably a disagreeable customer for a woodcutter to meet. It seems possible that there may be more than one variety. A good series would be of great value to a museum, and would deserve careful scientific study. They vary markedly in coloration, some being so light a brown that it was to these that the natives thought we referred when inquiring for beishung (white bear). It may be remarked, however, that of two bears we shot in the Tian Shan in 1925, one was dark and one straw colored.

Takin (Budorcas tibetanus) existed in a number of the localities in which we hunted. They are known by the natives as yeh niu (wild cattle). Doctor Rock saw one in the mountains west of Kienchwan-chow in Yunnan. The first time we personally got any reliable information concerning them was not until four days after we had crossed the Yalung River at Metilong. At Tatsienlu we saw both heads and hides. Near Muping they are not common. We felt that February would probably be the best month in which to hunt them, for they would then be more easily trailed in the snow. At Chuilung we met a wandering Lolo who said that he knew of a mountain which he called Yung Shuei Ting, meaning Salt Well Mountain, where takin were to be found in great numbers, and where we could get them for a certainty. He said that this mountain was seven long marches away, but he was ready to go with us if we would guarantee him protection against unfriendly Lolos. Lack of time prevented our taking advantage of this opportunity, which we bitterly regretted missing. As far as we could determine his mountain must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of Yehli.

We felt that Yehli was the best takin country through which we passed, and given time, a good shikarry should be able to count upon takin as a certainty. We invariably found the natives to have great respect for the takin's fighting qualities, and to regard them as no mean adversary.

Sambhur (Cervus unicolor Dejeani) have a very wide range, and from the time we left Bhamo until we reached Ningyuan we were rarely out of sambhur country. All large deer are known as malu by the Chinese. Almost any sambhur from this region should prove most interesting to the scientist, for from the greater part few if any specimens have been brought out. We found sambhur signs at altitudes varying from four to fourteen thousand feet. Many of the horns we saw were both long and exceptionally massive. The sambhur is irregular in shedding his horns. The female we shot was exceptionally dark in color, almost black.

There are undoubtedly large stag in parts of the country. There have been so few of them collected that it is not definitely known what they are. Indeed as far as we know only females have been shot by Europeans. Their range does not extend as far south as that of the sambhur. The natives say there are two varieties, but this may be merely because there is a wide range in color. At times they have been classed as wapiti, at times as a sub-species of Kashmir barasingh.

Wapiti (Cervus songaricus). We first heard of them when not far south of Tatsienlu, and it was in that town that we saw the greatest quantity of horns. They are known in the Tatsienlu region as ghwar. It was difficult to determine the exact locality from which these came. Many probably were brought from many marches back in Tibet. The Chinese set such store by stag horns for medicinal purposes that it is amazing that any deer should

survive. The natives track them in the snow, or organize drives for them, or hunt them with dogs. The horns are of greatest value when in the velvet. We never felt that we were where wapiti were abundant. At Kooing Hai when we were hunting panda there was an old man who was regarded as the best local hunter, and we were told as witness to his prowess that each year he got a stag. This certainly did not point to their being plentiful. Here, as elsewhere, they appear to be absolutely regular in shedding their antlers. Those we saw in Tatsienlu must have represented a number of variants or sub-variants. There is much pioneer work to be done in classifying the Szechuan and neighboring stags.

We saw roe deer (Capreolus pygargus) horns in Tatsienlu but could not learn the definite locality from which they came and never heard of them in any place where we were hunting. This roe should be akin to the roe that we shot in the Tian Shan. They are there abundant.

Musk deer (Moschus moschiferus) have a very wide distribution, and in spite of the fact that they are everywhere assiduously hunted they are plentiful in many localities. In their pursuit the local hunters almost invariably use dogs. Musk commands a good and ready market and the tushes of the deer are in common use as ornaments. They are called chau by the natives.

Barking deer (Muntiacus lacrimans) are also of very frequent occurrence. Not having any particular commercial value, they are not molested to the same extent as the musk deer. During the entire journey we were rarely out of muntjac country. The native name is hwang ya tze.

Burrhel or blue sheep (Pseudovis nahoor) we first heard of when we were leaving the Muli territory. They are known locally as pan yang. We saw heads and skins, and were told that if we wished to trek from a day to two days away from the trail we would find them plentiful. They

live at about fourteen thousand feet elevation. Besides those shot two days north of Tatsienlu, we heard of them near Muping. They should also live in the mountains near Yehli, but we there saw neither hide nor horn.

Serow (sanlu) and ghoral (iyang) were reported in all the mountain ranges through which we passed. We often saw heads and skins. We only once saw a live serow, and twice saw live ghoral. The natives use dogs to chase them. Both being mountain animals the dogs often bring them to bay in a corner of rock or an unscalable precipice. They are able to give a good account of themselves with their horns and dogs are not uncommonly badly gored or killed outright.

The cat family is well represented, running from large handsome leopards (pao) to spotted cats no larger than a house cat. Here, as everywhere, they are rarely seen, and to get them recourse must usually be had to hounds or trapping.

There are wolves in the higher country, though we never saw anything but their tracks. The wild pig is found in almost all the wild country through which we travelled.

Methods of transport vary. A good muleteer, and one accustomed to the country, can take mules many places where a poor muleteer would insist that only porters could be used. Unless going into a territory where mules are unattainable and where there is a danger of being stranded it is better to hire, rather than buy. Of course it is sometimes essential to own your own pack train, but it is exceedingly difficult to get mule men who will take as good care of the animals as if they were their own. You are also almost sure to pass out of the territory where they are accustomed to travelling and then find that a local man would be infinitely preferable. Besides this it is almost invariably cheaper to hire than to buy. Prices vary in different parts of the country and under different

local conditions. Our hired mules cost us from thirty to sixty cents gold a day.

It goes without saying that the lighter the equipment the better. A few mules can be readily obtained where it is impossible to secure a larger number.

It is easier to get a small caravan started, and halts can be made in many places where fodder and accommodations for a large train are not to be had. Most muleteers, quite naturally, prefer to halt in a village whenever it is possible, so that much of the time one does not use one's tent, but a small strong tent is of very great value when in the actual hunting country, or crossing the barren ranges. Muleteers and native hunters can often manage to do without one where the foreigner would find conditions far from agreeable.

We regretted no part of the trip, for the country had always much of interest to offer, but had we been able to know in advance much that we could learn only from experience, we felt that we could have put in our time to better advantage had we come in by Yunnanfu and gone straight to Yehli. The man who could not afford to go further would find a most interesting hunting ground there. It would, however, be most worth while to then cross the unexplored territory between Yehli and Chuilung, hunting on the way, and spending a week or so at the latter place. From there one could go to Tatsienlu and to Muping, coming out down the Yangtze by way of Chengtu or Kiating. This would seem to offer a maximum of interest and chance to obtain results in a minimum of time. It would be a trip affording an abundance of hard work. The months between November and May would be the best. Travel is difficult and disagreeable during the rainy season, and hunting in most instances offers less prospects of success.

APPENDIX B

ROTEIRO

In reading the following itinerary it must be borne in mind that the distances are only approximate, arrived at by estimation and by inquiry. There is of necessity room for so much variation in transposing Chinese place names into English that we have adopted the spelling employed in (1) Postal Guide of China, Shanghai, 1921; (2) 1:4,000,000 map of Asia, British War Office, 1926. When the names do not appear on either of them we have adopted the form given by our interpreter, Jack Young, who is well acquainted with both languages.

MILES	HALT	DATE	ALTITUDE
15	Little Bhamo	December 26	
15	Khalongka	" 27	
17	Nawphra Yang	" 28	
17	Manhsien	" 29	
18	Hsiahsinkai	" 30	
17	Kanai	" 31	
24	Nantien	January 1	3,400
17	Hsiao Hoti	" 2	
8	Tengyueh	" 3	
17	Kanlanchai	" 5	5,300 (pass 8,100)
16	Humushu	" 6	
15	Fangmachang	" 7	
19	Yungchang	" 8	5,500
18	Hsuichai	" 10	
10	Shanyang	" 11	
18	Yungping	" 12	
19	Lachudi	" 13	
18	Taipingpu	" 14	
14	Yungpeh	" 15	
18	Hochiangpu	" 16	
24	Talifu	" 17	

APPENDIX B

MILES	HALT	DATE		ALTITUDE
22	Tengchwan	January	20	
22	Niukai	"	21	7,100
18	Tienwei	"	22	
22	Paochiao	"	23	
18	Likiang	"	24	
15	Camp	"	26	
8	Camp	"	27	
15	Camp	"	28	10,500
18	Camp	"	29	10,300
15	Camp	"	30	12,200
16	Fengkow	"	31	6,100
16	Mountain Hut	February	1	10,250
20	Yungning	"	2	9,500 (pass 12,300)
14	Lijudsa	"	5	
14	Gibboh Mountain	"	6	11,500
21	Muli	"	8	
16	Shikang	"	9	12,000
18	Yuanhsueh	"	10	12,800
15	Taiye	"	11	14,800
14	Nokchu	"	12	14,400
20	Reddu	"	13	12,300
8	Metilong	"	14	7,500
6	Erh Ar	"	15	9,400
19	Bedung	"	16	(pass 17,500)
17	Paumong	"	17	10,500
20	Camp	"	18	14,000
15	Kymo	"	19	(pass 16,000)
3	Chuilung	"	20	
6	Wupaoni	"	21	13,400
18	Erh Tar	"	22	
19	Sambagah	"	23	13,600
20	Camp	"	24	14,400
30	Camp	"	25	
16	Tatsienlu	"	26	
10	Village	March	1	
12	Dzongju	"	2	
22	(Return) Tatsienlu	"	4	
5	Small Inn	"	6	
16	Waszekow	"	7	
18	Lutingkiao	"	8	4,800
25	Small Inn	"	9	6,400 (pass 10,500)

APPENDIX B

MILES	HALT	DATE	ALTITUDE
15	Schwi Taping	March 10	4,400
16	Shinshitau	" 11	(pass 6,800)
17	Tienchuan	" 12	2,800
27	Lingkwan	" 13	2,500
15	Muping	" 14	3,500
17	Kaiyang	" 16	4,500
14	Camp	" 18	6,700
6	Luchingsha	" 19	8,000
20	(Return) Muping	" 26	
15	Lingkwan	" 27	
16	Lushan	" 28	
22	Yachow	" 29	2,400
18	Maliuchang	" 30	
19	Wanglipu	" 31	4,000
18	Tsingkihsien	April 1	(pass 9,600)
20	Fulin	" 2	2,700
17	Susimbah	" 3	
21	Tzetati	" 4	
7	Sinchang	" 5	
12	Tsalo	" 6	
10	Kooing Ma	" 7	
8	Kooing Hai	" 8	
16	Litzaping	" 11	
14	Yehli	" 12	
24	Tachow	" 16	
32	Lokow	" 17	
32	Ningyuan	" 18	
24	Hwangshuitang	" 22	
23	Hsiaokaochiao	" 23	
25	Kungtuying	" 24	4,300
23	Paikuowan	" 25	7,200
21	Hweilichow	" 26	
30	Tunganchow	" 27	
27	Tsalashu	" 28	
24	Tsibanlo	" 29	7,800
25	Lohaitan	" 30	7,000
33	Shihmahlungkai	May 1	
34	Village 5 miles beyond Fumin	" 2	
21	Yunnanfu	" 3	

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